THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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Some Better Thing.

SOME better thing. It is God's way
Of giving to His children. Every day
We crave for things against His will.
He giveth not the things we ask
But in their stead things better still.

The types and shadows of the past
Were by the substance far surpassed;
The glories of the ages gone
Were but the twilight of the rising sun.

So all of life a progress is
To higher life and purer bliss.
The flower fades, the fruit appears,
The freshness and the bloom of youth
Are followed by the riper years.

Each stage of life but brings the soul,
Some nearer to the final goal;
And death itself is but the door
To glorious things that lie before.
Through all the years, with all they bring,
God ever gives some better thing.

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But when it is day once more, once more;
They rouse themselves from sleep;
If the rain begins to pour and pour,
It will soon be time to play bo-peep.
But they wait till the clouds have almost fled;
Then we say there's a rainbow overhead.
It is only the seven sisters seen
In the house of light at the open door—
Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange and Red.
—St. Nicholas.

No preaching is Christian that does not contain an element of consolation. There are always souls in every congregation that are in sore need of sympathy. "To preach to broken hearts," says Dr. Joseph Parker, "is to preach to the times." It is a very grateful thought that the Christian religion, in contrast with many man-made faiths that have been fairly cruel in their spirit and practices, is a sympathetic religion. It is a religion for the broken-hearted.—New York Observer.

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THE PACIFIC

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, July 4, 1901.

I Only Ask.

I only ask that I may know
The way which Thou wouldst have me go,
That I my will in Thine may lose,
And what Thou, Lord, for me shall choose,
I, too, may choose.

—C. M. Harris.

Sorrow has again visited the official family of our chief magistrate. The death of young Adelbert Hay is peculiarly sad, not only in the attendant circumstances, but in the bright prospects of future service which have been dashed. The record of Mr. Hay's brief South African consulate showed him to have inherited and developed many of those sterling qualities which have gained for our Secretary of State such eminence among diplomatists. It could hardly be doubted that the son, had life been spared, would have won for himself distinction in the same field. But in such an exigency as this external considerations are secondary to the personal bereavement involved. And while as citizens we may deplore the country's loss, yet it is for the man, rather than for the high official, that our sympathy goes out and our prayers for God's comforting grace are offered.

While thus we share with Mr. and Mrs. Hay their great sorrow, we may recall how much of the tragedy of life has marked the recent experiences of our government officials. The serious illness of Mrs. McKinley, which cast such sorrow over the recent presidential journey, is, of course, fresh in mind. But it was while the death angel hovered over San Francisco that we learned of the death of the wife of Secretary Gage in Washington. The San Francisco Call has directed attention to this fact, and also to the deaths of Secretaries Gresham and Blaine, of Mrs. Harrison, of Vice-President Hendricks, and of others. With such illustrations of the inability of earthly honor, as of earthly wealth, to bar out death or sorrow, how unspeakably precious the assurance that, "while the world passeth away and the lust thereof, he that doeth the will of God shall abide forever."

The New York Herald has provided for the experiment of wireless telegraphy between the island of Nantucket and the Massachusetts mainland. The issue of this experiment will be anticipated on this coast with special interest, because of the promise of a similar service, under governmental auspices, between the Farallones and San Francisco, should the result be favorable. And such service, could it be established, would be of incalculable value to all the interests of the Pacific Coast. However the experiment now inaugurated turns out, and although delay may try our patience, yet it is hardly to be doubted that eventually the feat will be accomplished, nd both life and property, on sea and on land, will be surrounded by safeguards such as have hitherto been impossible.

What Shall the Fourth of July Mean?

We know what it does mean to every American heart. It means independence; and independence means the opportunity to work out the fundamental American ideas.

Our country was founded essentially as a great moral and religious enterprise. This was true of the Pilgrims and Puritans pre-eminently, but not exclusively of them. Pennsylvania was first of all a religious settlement. So was Maryland. So, more or less, were all the others. But the course of things began after a time to seem against the moral ideal. These colonies came under the sole control of Great Britain. They were becoming constantly more valuable as commercial countries. England began to concern herself more and more constantly about them. And it began to look as if the free development of man—the grand basic idea of all the rest—would be checked and all things brought back into the old European system from which our fathers had fled. The opportunity to "worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences" was threatened. Civil liberty was endangered. The artificial classes which existed in England, and which had been the means of so much oppression, were on the way towards revival. Altogether, it seemed as if the experiment of making a state on the basis of human rights, in which a man should be treated as a man simply because he was a man, was to be brought to a violent end.

Then independence was achieved. And with it there came a great and mighty uplift of the national conscience and religious life. A great revival of religion canceled the work of demoralization which the war had wrought. A spirit of exultation and courage spread through the nation. American invention began its marvelous course. Schools, colleges, churches, and great benevolent societies, like the American Board, sprang

into existence one after another. The nation was powerfully stimulated in every direction by the possession of freedom.

The great civil war of 1861-65 opened another period of stupendous advance in every department of national life. It was the stimulus of a new sense of freedom again. Slavery had become an offence to the national conscience, and now it was gone. The nation had not known its strength; but the struggles of those years had revealed it. The people leaped forward to the gaining of the mastery over their great domain, which they now felt they were capable of. The nations of the earth looked on, and multitudes of their poor hastened to our shores to join us in the new work. We now stand before the world as the most powerful single nation; and it may be said that this is all the result of freedom for the nation and for the individual, giving scope and encouragement to the powers of men.

That is what the Fourth of July means. What shall it mean?

The answer to that question will depend very largely upon what is done in the days just now passing on so rapidly. We have become the arbiters of the destiny of millions of dependent peoples in the West and in the East. There is no doubt whatever that the American people at large wish to give them the same blessings which we have ourselves enjoyed—of freedom, courage, large achievement, equality, and religion. If we succeed in doing it, the Fourth of July will be for them an "Independence Day" also. They will date their own best things from the time when the nation that came to them in 1898, with the blessings of a free opportunity, itself gained its opportunity.

We may not succeed in doing what we mean to do. We shall not if we do not guard these peoples, and dependent peoples and individuals in our own midst also, from greed and contempt, and the pride of power, and the new class system of bloated wealth. Rich and poor have both a work here to do. We must be more religious as a people, pay more attention to the Golden Rule, and put the fear of God more above the fear of man, or we shall make poor work of it.

What shall the Fourth of July mean? Let us make it the loudest, clearest proclamation of freedom for every man, with all its attendant blessings of religion and prosperity, which the world ever heard!

Respect the Burden.

We have been at school during the past week—in the printing office. And if the lessons there learned were not many, they certainly should be lasting and effective upon future conduct.

It was while attempting to work in the midst of the incessant, confusing—one was tempted to call it, infernal—din; where type cases, and tables, and desks, and machinery monopolized almost all the available room, and the workers must worm about through the unoccupied spaces, and the linotype and printing press shook the building and bewildered the brain—it was in the midst of this babel of sound and pandemonium of movement that Napoleon's familiar sentence came to mind. The circumstances will be recalled. A group of officers, meeting a woman laden with fagots, on a steep and narrow roadway, his companions brushing rudely by, Napoleon courteously stepped aside, with the words, "Respect the burden, gentlemen." "How in the world," we asked, bending down to the operator, so as to be heard, "do you keep either your wits or your temper?" And the wonder has grown upon us ever since. The nervous strain in such surroundings must be terrific; and though, in a way, the system may adjust itself to the conditions, yet there must inevitably be a strain which will eventually make itself disastrously felt. To be even decently good-natured and patient, in such circumstances, must involve a degree of self-control which almost entitles its subject to the aureole of sainthood.

And this was only a glimpse into the disabilities under which a large part of the labor of the world is carried on, the remembrance of which ought to render us far more considerate of each other's infirmities of disposition, speech, or conduct, than we commonly are. Reference may be made, in this connection, to the "telephone girls," about whose inattention to our requests, and occasional sharp replies, we are wont to complain. The marvel rather is, to one who has seen them at their posts, that they bear up at all under the nervous pressure, and are so generally civil to the exasperating people with whom they have to do.

There are the conductors on our street railways, also; how do they ever get along with us, especially while endeavoring to push their way along over crowded thoroughfares during business hours! It tends to repress our harsh judgments of impatient mothers with their little children, when we look not only at the exasperating little cherubs—for they are often exasperating—but also on the signs of nervous exhaustion in the tired faces of the mothers, and think of the incessant wear of their household cares.

The matter has special appropriateness now, when the vacation season is upon us. We who can, for a longer or shorter period, get away from our business, change the scene, and rest, do we not need to think more sympathetically than most of us do, upon the stay-at-homes and stay-at-works? Not long since, a brother rose in the prayer-meeting, where they were telling of vacation privileges and duties, and said that for eleven years he had been held down to exhausting toil from Monday morning to Saturday night, and that in all that time the only break had been an attendance, on two half-days, at Sunday-school picnics. We who heard that simple statement, and the speaker's pathetic confession that continually he felt the narrowing, hardening effect of such unremitting work, realized, for the time at least, the burden he was carrying; and were prepared to judge more charitably imperfections which could not but result from such a hard experience.

The upshot of all this simply is, a lesson of charity for all, and a lesson of mutual helpfulness wherever this is possible. That is the significance of the apostolic injunction, to "bear one another's burdens"; relieve whatever we can, and make the best of the rest.

The Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Association of the University of California.

There are good reasons why Christians throughout the State should be well informed concerning the working of this institution.

Young men and women are coming every year, in large numbers, from their homes in every part of the State, to gain an education at the University. If these young students are informed by their Christian friends at home of the existence of this Association, and of what it can do for them, they will almost certainly seek its advantages on arriving as strangers at the University. And if they do, they will find themselves in so large and cordial a society that they will be attracted to its meetings and social life.

One of the first things that will attract the stranger student's attention, on arriving at Berkeley, will be a "Student's Handbook," presented by some member of the Association, with a word of welcome. From him and from the handbook the stranger can obtain all needed information in detail, enabling him to settle himself for work. He is invited to make himself at home in Stiles Hall, the beautiful and commodious Y. M. C. A. building, where needed information can at all times be obtained. If any one wishes to earn something by the way toward paying expenses, he finds there a record of open opportunities where he may make application. Through this agency, during the last year, one hundred and forty-two positions were filled, always free of cost either to the student or the employer. But all other questions, also, as to room, board, books, and everything necessary to be known on entering the university, will be cheerfully answered.

The primary object of the Association is to promote growth in grace in its members, and associate them in Christian fellowship and in active Christian service. Its active membership consists of those who belong to evangelical churches, but there is also an associate membership to which men of good moral character may be admitted, though they do not vote.

Its devotional meetings are held weekly, and are varied in character, sometimes having in view growth in personal religion, sometimes given to the consideration of a missionary topic, having in view our widening opportunities and responsibilities, especially in the far East. At the same time, there is a systematic study of the Bible in progress, conducted throughout the college year. This study is carried on by classes, meeting in separate class rooms in Stiles Hall. The members agree to devote twenty minutes daily to the study of the lesson in hand, and make it as obligatory as any class recitation. There are classes in the study of the life of Christ, in the Acts and Epistles, and in Old Testament history and characters. There were fourteen of these classes during the last year, the hours of meeting being published at the opening of the term. This is on the principle that "no college man can afford to graduate without having gained, from personal study, a comprehensive knowledge of the Bible."

The Young Women's Christian Association of the university is founded on the same principles as that of the Men's, and pursues its work according to the same methods, having the use of Stiles Hall for classes and meetings on different days from those of the men.

That there is such an organization as this in our State University is a matter of profound interest. It has grown up silently and almost unobserved, till its membership numbers something like six hundred. Among them are to be found a fair proportion of students holding high rank in scholarship and in influential social positions in the university.

It is only necessary that the existence of this institution be known to secure for it the sympathy and cooperation of Christians throughout the State. The determining influence of the associations and friendships of college life is seen in the lives of educated men and women everywhere. It reaches hearts in youth, when the great questions of life and of duty are up for decision. Young people may pay all due respect to the opinions of older people, but, at the same time, there is a power in the sympathetic life of students who are associated in the susceptible years of college study that often outweighs every other influence. What a blessing it is when this power is in favor of the Christian life, and when it draws students to sit together at the feet of the Great Teacher, to learn of him who spake as never man spake. How many times after such conferences, walks or talks, those who enjoy them are constrained to say, "Did not our heart burn within us" while we talked of Him, and what He is to us, and what we owe to Him in the life we are preparing to live?

There is an enlargement of spirit connected with interviews like these that is peculiar to Christian student life. The individuals are devoted to the common purpose of making of themselves all that they are capable of becoming. Life to them is a sacred trust. Moreover, they are not their own. They are disciples of Him "who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Their supreme purpose is to walk in his steps. By what use of this one life they have to live can they secure the best results? How and where can they invest this one life so as to bring the largest returns? At this stage of life, and awakened by the stimulus of study, they are prepared to welcome and entertain heroic ideas. The whole field of honest and useful enterprise in the world is before them; everything seems possible to the courageous and the daring. Every noble calling in life offers them opportunity. And in association they are mutually helped in the determination of choices that give shape to their subsequent lives.

How important that Christian students should make the most of this power of association. An ever memorable example of it is seen in the history of those young men who opened the era of foreign missions in America. It is not quite one hundred years ago since they were under-graduates in a New England college. Their aim was the Christian ministry. In contemplating this as their life-work they became impressed with the idea that the gospel ought to be preached to all people in all countries, as well as in our own country. They reasoned that, if this "good news" belonged to all people alike, we who have knowledge of it are bound, under the most sacred obligations, to make it known to those who need it equally with ourselves, and yet are ignorant of it. They associated themselves together in the study of this subject. They met in a field, often, where they could be alone for comparison of views, for friendly consultation and prayer. The result was that they resolved to devote their lives to preaching the gospel in lands where it was not known. That was at that time a bold resolution for those young college friends to take, but when supported by each other in their brave and heroic purpose, they took it.

They had no encouragement from the ministers or the churches. Many acknowledged their disinterestedness, but did not think their project practicable. There was no missionary society then organized in this country for them to look to for support. But they adhered to their useful purpose, and pleaded their cause before the ministry and the churches, till at length the American Board was organized, and under its sanction and promise of support these young men went abroad; and now, after nearly a century, the grand result is before the world. This is one example of the results of the association of earnest Christian friends in college life. But it is only one. Many more will occur to the readers of this article. And the examples will not all be found in the ministry or missionary service, either.

The facilities for deriving the full advantage of Christian association in college or university life are now very great. We have referred to some of them in this article. Many more might be mentioned. But what is needed, more than all, to make them fruitful in the development and growth of Christian life and service, is the presence and nurture of the Divine Spirit. In asking for this we can all join, whether we live near or far away from the university, and make our petitions the more earnest by keeping ourselves informed of the growth and work of the Association.

On the 26th of June, Pomona College, Claremont, graduated a class of twenty-six. Dr. Cherington gave a strong and rich address on that occasion. The College never gave better proof of the value of its work. President F. L. Ferguson has resigned, and it is understood that he will return to the East. He has added a considerable to the funds of the College. The statement was made during Comencement Day that each of the graduating class is an active member of some Christian church.

The Bystander.

Redwood Sketches.

The Bystander believes in the friendship of the trees. The people of California love the great trees, not because of their money value, but because of their associations, their noble beauty and friendship. We love them in the same way the Italians revere their cathedrals, or the Swiss their cloud-crowned mountains. Most people enjoy a peculiar and sentimental relation to trees. They stand far back in their childhood, and they remember the happy hours when they played under their branches or swung from their strong arms. The old tree in the yard, the group of pines, or maples, or chestnuts, stand as beautiful memories in the long life. The appeal to the woodman to spare these precious memorials is an appeal to the past.

Trees have individuality. Mark the difference between the gnarled oak and the peaceful redwood. They are both poems, but of different measure and metre. One expresses sadness, the other joy. One exhibits a spirit of joy and strength, the other of reminiscent pathos and regret. One may find all the human attributes in the tree.

When the boy leaves the old home he bids farewell, not only to his parents, but to the old trees which have become a part of his life. Under their branches he found refuge from the suns of summer, and they will always cast cooling shadows on his life. There is a great significance in the vision of the inspired writer who sees the tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Rest and Religion.

It is a good thing to rest. Our Lord took short but blessed vacations when he withdrew from the multitudes and rested awhile. One of the signs of a loss of power among men is the passion of hurry, and the corresponding spirit of restlessness. Strong, powerful men do not hurry or become nervous and anxious. Nature shows her immense strength in doing things leisurely. Therefore, Christ points to the lilies of the field as examples of patience.

This is vacation season, and the Bystander, writing from the redwoods, in the quiet splendor of the mountains, ventures to make some observations upon the subject of rest.

Most ministers take a vacation. This in itself would not be a matter of comment were it not for the fact that many other men, who work equally hard, never enjoy such a respite from hard labor. Why should ministers go off on a vacation? Broadly answered, it may be said truthfully that rest is a necessary part of religion. Everything is necessary in or to religion which makes a man better, stronger and more useful. Religion includes every help to the best and highest manhood. Rest is included in these helps, hence, rest is a moral duty. It is quite true that a man needs and deserves rest only in proportion as he has done his duty and performed his work. One of the dangers of the ministry is in wasting time. It is intellectual and physical laziness. Some ministers are chronic resters. They do little else. And they are often the men who complain of being tired, but they know little of real hard work. One of the moral duties of the pastor is work. Christ put into three year's ministry immense action, and when he charged the disciples to evangelize the world, he gave them something to do. He gave them the legacy of hard work. Some ministers boast that they never take a vacation. The Bystander

believes that the minister who does not feel the need of a vacation preaches in such a stupid way as to make his congregation feel the need of a rest. In a recent sermon Dr. Gregg of Brooklyn said, "Where the minister does not need a vacation the congregation needs it." It is a sad hour for the minister when his congregation takes a rest. It is a moral duty for the minister to go away and find tonic for the nerve and ozone for the brain, and return with sunsets and forest breezes and great mountains, and running streams and quiet stars packed away in the chambers of his brain.

The Bystander believes that the average fashionable "resort" is detrimental to rest. "Having a good time" is not having a vacation. The American summer resort is rapidly becoming a national evil, a menace to good health and sound morals. To have a vacation one should replenish his strength by a cessation from routine work and by a complete charge in environment and conditions. Recreation is not disssipation.

The Bystander is reminded, both by experience and observation, that the professional man' nervous system is severely taxed in these days of rapid transit and rush and hurry. It takes more grace to run the world than it once did. The grist is greater, the wheel larger, and consequently more demand is made upon the stream. Men—some men—are more irritable, anxious, fastidious and more easily upset than our fathers. Methuselah and Abraham, Isaiah and John, did not have telephones ringing in their ears and postmen bringing letters from Haran or Macedonia, or type-writers clicking and telegraph wires buzzing around their ears. They did not hear the ceaseless roar of cars, nor were compelled to read a hundred books a year to see if one is worth reading, nor did they preach twice on Sunday and preside at a Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, attend a half-dozen funerals during the week, make several addresses, and attend divers social functions. But the average American is older than Methuselah, wiser than Abraham, and busier than Isaiah or John. We live in deeds, not in years; therefore, drop your work, turn the key, take your gun or your rod, leave your sermons at home, surrender the hope of "making expenses," and go off and bow at the mountain altars for even "He said unto them * * * rest awhile."

Some Country Sounds.

The sounds of the country are strikingly different from the sounds of the city. It may be an Irish bull to remark we hear th sounds in the country more distinctly because there is less noise. The lowing of the cattle, the grunting of a hog, the chatter of a squirrel and the chirping of the cricket are certainly more pleasant to the ear than the scream of whistles, clatter of hoofs, thunder of locomotives and clanging of bells. Cities are noisy, dreadfully, unbearably noisy. The next century will probably demand new and improved ear-drums.

The careful listener in the country will find much to charm the ear. The tinkle of the cow-bell is music "when the cows come home." To hear this sound in the solitary depths far away from the busy haunts of men is a type of pastoral music which associates the mind, not alone with the foaming milk, but with a true poetry. Everything appears to be happy in the country. Birds and animals revel in their glorious liberty. The barn-yard fowls are not the least interesting in this various life. The young rooster which has just found his voice apparently by accident, and, like the young minister with his first sermon, uses it, often wakes you up early in the morning with his cheerful, saucy tones. The sound of cattle, the neighing of the horses, and the chatter of unseen birds—what melody they produce, and what strange reminiscent spirit they evoke.

There is something more than metaphor in the trees of the field clapping their hands, for they do applaud and laugh, and cry and sing. They are God's great Aeolian harp, which vibrate at the touch of his breath and become melodious with a divine music. How wonderful is life in which not even a sunset gun is fired, where the mechanical sounds of civilization have not penetrated the solemn silences of the eternal hills, broken only by the natural notes of nature's many-piped organ.

Ecclesiastics and Other Sticks.

By E. Lyman Hood.

Mr. Debit and Mr. Credit seem to be two very distinguished gentlemen at present. Business is the passion of the hour. Commercialism gives the type of the age. Profit and loss divide the world between them. The princes we crown today are not those born by chance in the shadows of a throne, but the men who have conquered in great battles of finance and whose victories have enlarged their hearts and opened their hands. Not alone what one gets, but what one gives, is the criterion. Taking account of stock should have higher aims than to show merely what are the gains and the losses. Roll-call defines the strength of the regiment. The grand review should have deeper significance than the display of brass buttons and the waving of banners. Hence, the annual summing up of the different denominations does not lose its charm nor fail of its suggestiveness. The Lord commanded the children of Israel to be numbered.

There is a fascination in the far-away past. We delight to grope in the catacombs of antiquity. The mystery of the Sphinx casts a magic spell over us. Who will solve the enigma of the Pyramids? We are prone to forget that the past was at one time the present. Yesterdays aforetime were todays. The record of last week is as truly history as that of the last century. Today is the yard-stick with which the ages are measured.

It has long been discerned by students of church history that the periods of time marked by the beginnings of the centuries have been epochs, witnessing portentous changes in the social and spiritual conditions of mankind. Thus, at the opening of the sixteenth century, the Reformation had already really commenced. The seventeenth saw begun a mighty struggle in the hearts of men for larger freedom and more abiding faith. Exploration defined the following, ambition sought discovery in enlarging, horizons. The century so recently crossed was ushered in with remarkable quickening of the religious life. The missionary societies, home and foreign, which were to carry life and light to the ends of the earth, were organized. The mighty movement in our own land, following the star of empire westward, began. A task so vast and momentous had never before been thus suddenly thrust upon any people. No strategic concert of action marked its beginning; rather was it the love of the Christ constraining his disciples, one by one, to preach the gospel to every creature, from ocean to ocean.

What are the signs of the times in the dawning days of the twentieth century. Let us look briefly at a few of the men and methods which are today shaping the destiny of the years. The Roman Church is rejoicing in very unexpected advantages; and, at the same time, is suffering reverses not anticipated. In America, the tide

of immigration has turned almost wholly in her favor. Northern Europe, the cradle of Protestantism, is unusually prosperous; consequently, very few of its people are leaving. Southern Europe, however, is groaning in poverty. The passion to flee from intolerable taxation, political disability and ecclesiastical domination has created a stampede. Never in the history of the United States have so many steerage passengers crowded our shores from Italy, Spain, Portugal and Southern France. From a quarter hitherto scarcely considered, a steady stream is being poured into New England, until now every eighth man in the old States of the Pilgrim Fathers is a French Canadian. What the Pope lost in the eighteenth century, in a war of aggression, he bids fair to gain by peaceful invasion. These clannish people from the Northland not only come in swarms, but after settling among us show extraordinary fecundity. Their families are so numerous we are reminded of the days of our forefathers, when wealth and luxury had not made children unwelcome at many firesides. Wise prophets predicted the coming of Romanists from Cuba and Porto Rico to the Southern States, as a result of the recent war. The tide, however, has been steadily setting the other way. The immigration from the republic of Mexico has never been of moment.

It is not all sunshine with the Roman Church. Clouds lurk along the horizon. Martinelli is to be recalled, and has been made a cardinal. The word was sent forth that this supreme gift of the Holy Father was the reward for successful diplomacy. It is true that he was more fortunate in his friends than Satolli. But the fact is apparent, the bitter controversy remains. Who is to rule in the hierarchy of the American branch of the Church? Shall the traditions of the Italian party in the Vatican be supreme? Ultramontanism is fighting for very life in the home of its birth. The liberal wing declares Old World dogmatism must be modified to meet existing conditions. One day we hear that Archbishop Ireland is ascendant in the Propaganda Fide—the next, that Corrigan has routed his enemies. The former knows that he has in his favor the spirit of American institutions; the latter, that the unyielding autocracy of the Papacy is behind him. It is the present struggling with the past for mastery! The friars of the Philippines still provoke hostile criticism. Cardinal Gibbons is at present in Rome, trying to harmonize irreconcilable factions. Chappelle, always in spite of himself a wily politician, has apparently lost, at one and the same time, the ear of the Administration and the good will of the monks.

The Greek Church, with its one hundred millions of adherents, is displaying unwonted vigor; and the growing power of Russia lends interest to the increasing activity of this ancient communion. A new era has undoubtedly dawned. Constantine Pobedonostzeff, who has been called "the Torquemada of the Nineteenth Century," so long at the head of the Holy Governing Synod, and, therefore, the real ruler of the State Church, has evidently, in recent months, lost much in imperial favor. More liberal and yet more aggressive men are now heard in the councils of this great Church. Whatever may be the trend of events in Russia, certain it is very radical changes for the better are manifesting themselves more and more in America. Bishop Nicolas, who was recalled three years ago, was a faithful priest of God, but he was out of all sympathy with the spirit of American thought and feeling. Before sailing, he addressed an open letter to the President. He called attention to the great abuses of the Alaska Commercial Company and the sad condition of the native races in the distant territory of the North. During his bishopric the Orthodox Church prospered in spite of him, rather than because of any genius for leadership which he possessed. With the coming of Bishop Tikhon the Church at once assumed a different attitude. Already, his wise administration is bearing rich fruitage; younger and abler men are being inducted into the priesthood, literature is being used with advantage, churches are erected, and thousands of the wandering children of the Church are sought out and gathered into the fold. On Ninety-seventh street, New York city, there is going up a stately edifice, which will be the finest structure of the Holy Orthodox Church in the New World. Its energetic pastor, Rev. Alexander Hotovitzky, commands the respect and esteem of very many outside his own communion. It is such as he and Father Sebastian Dabovitch of San Francisco, under the able guidance of Bishop Tikhon, who are leading the Church into increasing favor and wider usefulness. In Asia, in a generation, a region half as large as the United States has been evangelized. This must be regarded as one of the triumphs of Christianity in the past century. Whatever result the recent troubles in China may have, it means unprecedented prestige to the Russian Church. Because of the vast unoccupied regions in the empire to the eastward, the Russians have never furnished many immigrants. In recent years, however, an increasing number of communicants of the Holy Church have been coming from the lands of the Eastern Mediterranean. Syrians and Greeks, especially, are now arriving daily at the Atlantic ports. Of the Greek Church we are to see and hear more, should prevailing tendencies continue.

The Jews are having an era of peace. The persecutions of Dreyfus served to enlist the sympathies of the entire world. Anti-Semitism is sleeping, at least. In spite of the long-cherished sentiment, Zionism makes small headway. The average Hebrew is too busy money-making to consider seriously so ideal a movement. With the constantly augmented power of a civilization avowedly Christian, the Jew is more and more at a disadvantage. One would think that they would be compelled to observe, with the rest of the world, Sunday as a day of rest, if they are to maintain their own faith. As it is now, with the majority, neither Saturday nor Sunday is a day of worship.

Immigration is also making great changes in the Jewish Church. Heretofore, the *liberal* German element has been by far the most potent in the American synagogues. No other communion has so seriously suffered from the ill effects of the so-called "higher criticism." A learned rabbi recently expressed to the writer his consternation and abhorrence of the pantheistic tendencies of the Jews in America. A change is already foreshadowed; the thousands who are now coming from Eastern and Southeastern Europe are more conservative, more orthodox and more ritualistic. The synagogue is striving to adapt itself to the demands of modern thought and customs.

Family quarrels are proverbially bitter. The adage is confirmed by the controversy still raging between the high and broad wings in the Protestant Episcopal Church. A few months ago, at the consecration of a bishop-coadjutor in Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, the extreme ritualistic ecclesiastics were much in evidence. Other sticks were not present at all. Millinery, commonly associated in the mind with the Roman Church, was worn in great confusion, and begot a pride that could not rest until they had their pictures taken—mitres, copes, stoles, seals, rochets, rings, *et cetera*. It has provoked

severe rebuke and out of it have sprung constitutional questions which will surely be bones of contention in the approaching General Convention in San Francisco, in October. The long, acrimonius warfare in Great Britain over practically the same abuse has grievously crippled the English Church. And it is to be regretted that the issue has been forced at this time, when so many indications point to a hopeful spiritual awakening. And the year past has been one of most encouraging progress and growth.

The Baptists have recently held their annual meeting. Advance was reported all along the line. Federation of their missionary agencies engaged attention. It is to be noted that a more liberal interpretation of the theory of administering the Lord's Supper begins to prevail. This is the church of the South, no other communion approaching it in numbers or influence. Some changes in the polity of the churches is foreshadowed. The trend is away from the extreme congregationalism so long zealously fostered.

The spring conferences in the Methodist Zion have been held. The result of the abrogation of the time limit is watched with interest. And the result thus far has been a surprise. The changes have been even more numerous than usual. The unrest so long manifest among the clergy of this communion is proved to be only in part constitutional. It is evident that a certain form of Protestant popery has long been the bane, and until some effective means is found to modify or eliminate it, the ferment will continue to work. The fact remains that a multitude of Methodist preachers have sought pastorates in other denominations. The churches have as heartily welcomed them: they certainly possess qualities the parishes regard essential. Their Twentieth Century Fund movement has brought to the Lord's treasury a very large and most gratifying sum. In entire States debts have been paid.

Christian Science has become so rich and powerful, it is breeding dissension within itself. Let no one be alarmed. Even Mrs. Eddy concedes she is not infallible. Let them build marble temples; they will make good library buildings later. But there are some poor, timid souls, who seem to feel their own weak faith is imperiled if a new sect appears in the arena. Elijah may, or may not, have reappeared in the person of the crazy Dr. Dowie of Chicago. It should not shatter the trust of any one in the God of Israel. The Salvation Army has declined until it is no longer a factor in the religious life of the East. Yet, the writer remembers the time, not long since, when honest hearts feared the Army was to supplant the churches. The Volunteers of America may be alive; if so, the life is not much in evidence. Spiritualism, that spectre which haunted so many only a generation ago—what has become of it? Science may not always appear friendly to true religion; but, certain it is, science slays without mercy the false and the untrue.

The Presbyterian family has every reason to rejoice. The storms are past. Additions on confession in widely scattered regions of the land indicate a deep spiritual interest. The recent General Assembly was happy in its procedure and exceedingly helpful in its influence.

The minor sects show no marked changes. The Adventists are succeeding better in their business enterprises than in their doctrinal propaganda. Cereal foods are multiplied and sanitaria are now sustained by them in a dozen different states and countries. The Lutherans have gained by immigration and accession until they are the fourth in strength, numerically. The sad lack of homogeneity is still their greatest weakness. The unparalleled growth of the Disciples of Christ continues, though with some abatement. The Friends, or Quakers, are at a standstill. They are now a few and feeble folk; yet we must not forget that at one time in the early days of our country's life, this peculiar communion was the strongest religious organization in a region embracing one-third of the Southern States. Oh, for another saintly John Woolman, to carry the glad tidings of salvation into the out-of-the-way places of our broad land. The Universalists and the Unitarians make little progress. The two denominations together have about one thousand ministers and the same number of church organizations. The United Brethren Church has always been provincial, occupying a comparatively small area in the Middle States. It is a body of extreme conservatism in doctrine and practice. The several Reformed Churches have a constituency approaching half a million. They are divided along racial and linguistic lines. The tenacity with which the older members have clung to the "mother tongues" has cost them thousands. Their young people have sought fellowship in other communions, principally Methodist bodies. Congregationalists have lost their Welsh young people from the same cause. The Church of the Pilgrims is arising to build. The present is an era of enrichment of worship and architectural adornment, at least in the East. Theological unrest is not disturbing the peace of the faithful. Some form of federation of the benevolent agencies is most earnestly desired in all quarters. The weak spot is the pastorate; it should be the strongest. The greatest waste is not in money, but in what is more precious—men. The outlook is full of hope.

Henry Purcell.

The English Contribution to the Development of Church Music.

By Rev. A. W. Ackerman.

The year 1658 is memorable for the death of Oliver Cromwell and the birth of Henry Purcell. The spirit of England's greatest statesman slipped quietly out and the spirit of her greatest musician came fluttering in. Both stand as high representatives of the great movements of which they were parts; Cromwell, the leader of the old order, tempered the austerity of Puritanism; Purcell, caught by the time of his birth in the current of the new order, restrained himself amid the gaieties and freedom of the Restoration. Cromwell could say to the Westminster divines, "In the mercies of the Lord, I beseech you remember that you may be mistaken." Purcell, while yielding to the love of the frivolous in Charles II, retained the strength and power of a clean life and a clear record when the court was writing license and extravagance. Both Cromwell and Purcell made use of that which was worthy in the past, developed it to its highest and found no one to take up the burden they laid down. The evolution of the State and of English national music must proceed on some other branch of the human tree, for Cromwell and Purcell were terminal buds, and with their fall there was no further growth for that branch.

In the time which we have spent together we have followed the development of church music from the ancient Greeks to the greatest of all modern composers, John Sebastian Bach. Now it is necessary to go to a new source, for the music of England had its rise in the ancient North. Here, as on the continent, the earliest form of musical expression was the rythm of words only, but words that touched the hearts of men, speaking of the deeds of the past—there were giants in those days.

For long years the bards were reverenced as in some sense a sacred order, having laws and privileges peculiarly their own. To own a harp was one of the three marks of a gentleman, and no gentleman's harp could be taken for debt. We are all familiar with the glamour that surrounds the bards of England, the minstrels of the north of France and the troubadours of the south of France—men who had their own way, who could go where none others could and find standing room in the presence of the king. The minstrels, accompanied by their harps, sang of the joys and hopes, the conquests and loves of the people; and the ballad which was thus brought to its perfection had a firm hold upon the heart of England. Addison condemned the superficial work of his day, contrasting it with the simple sincerity of the ballad. Lowell compares it with a vine clambering upon a trellis, "twining the bare stem of old tradition with graceful sentiment and lively natural sympathies." Tennyson said: "I have a passion for ballads. They are the gypsy children of song, born under green hedgerows in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature in the genial summer time." The story is told of Mary, Queen of William II, that, after listening to the best of Purcell's music, acknowledged to be the greatest that any Englishman has ever produced, sung by the two best singers in the kingdom, she requested that the soprano should sing one of the people's ballads. Purcell was piqued by the request, as he was compelled to play the accompaniment, and afterward introduced the ballad that was then sung into the Queen's Ode, saying to himself that she should hear it again if she was so fond of it.

Religious music in England had its rise with the coming of the monk Augustine and his company of choristers, chanting the Gregorian music, which was new near the year 600. Before the next century had closed the Pope had sent over an instructor to teach the Roman manner of performing the festivals of the church year. The master of music in the monasteries flocked to hear and besought him to teach in other parts of the kingdom. From that time the monk and the minstrel were the rival teachers of music in England. For many years the two streams flowed on side by side; probably no other land has ever known so sharp a distinction between sacred and secular music. But the minstrel was national, the monk was foreign; the minstrel had the hearts of the people and the monks sought to win the souls of men by something that did not touch their emotions; they did not appeal to their patriotism, nor kindle the flame of enthusiasm. Such an effort has always failed, and we believe that it always will. Christianity is not Roman and never can it become a people's religion until it enters into the people's life, a spiritual religion which adapts itself to the peculiarities and temperaments of the national spirit.

Some far-seeing men discerned this. In the twelfth century the Archbishop of Canterbury adapted many of the minstrels' tunes for the use of the church service. In the fifteenth century one of the devices at the coronation of Henry VI revealed the new king in three positions—as standing with a ballad under his feet, as using a ballad against the Lollards and as being presented to the Virgin, who is holding the infant Christ in her lap, and in this significant action he is holding a ballad in his hand. In any other Christian country at that time the music thus displayed would have been the early plain song of Gregory. Heine has reminded us that the painters and sculptors of Italy protested in color and stone against the languishing melancholy of Catholicism, but the first and most determined protest in England against the authority of Rome in matters of religion and life was from the people who loved the tunes that were sung by the maiden as she thrummed the harp and were whistled by the plow-boy as he followed the furrow. Down to the Reformation these two streams did not mingle. The introduction of the people's melodies into the church divided the church authorities into two parties, one favoring the brighter music and the other clinging to the strict Gregorian chant as the highest and most worshipful music.

With the breaking away of England from her allegiance to Rome under Henry VIII a new element was introduced. The king was a great lover of music; he defended the use of music in the church; he sought to change as little as possible from the Roman order and preserved more of the features of the Papal church than any other Protestant church. Erasmus visited England and then wrote that the English were noted for the "most handsome women, the best tables and the most accomplished musicians." Then Mary drove the Protestants to the continent, who came back during the reign of Elizabeth, bringing with them the use of metrical psalms. During the days of "good Queen Bess," so splendid for adventure and literature, music was brought to a high state. The Book of Common Prayer was published by one of the greatest musicians of the time, who introduced the singing of metrical psalms. Tallis enriched the plain song and set the liturgy to music that was to be sung by a well-trained choir. But the people still sung and whistled the ballads while the composers came to their religious tasks as a duty and turned off madrigals and catches as a bird trills its song.

Then came the Revolution under Cromwell. The Puritans rose to their power. They petitioned Parliament "that all cathedral churches may be put down, in which the service of God is grievously abused by the piping of organs, singing and ringing and trowling of psalms from one side of the choir to the other, with squeaking choristers disguised in white surplices, some in corner capes and silly copes, imitating the fashion and manner of the anti-Christian Pope, that man of sin and child of perdition with all his rabble of miscreants." Strong language this, revealing the passion of the time. The House of Lords declared that the liturgy of the church was a "superstitious ritual." The preachers urged that instruments in the church were "pagan, profane, popish, idolatrous, damnable." As they condemned vestments they condemned music also. As they broke stained glass windows and statuary so they demolished organs. The Puritan troops stationed at Westminster pawned the organ pipes for pots of ale. Burney says: "The art of music, and indeed all arts, except those of killing, canting and hypocrisy, were discouraged."

But the Puritans were compelled to choose which of the three streams of musical culture they would adopt. They were not averse to music only as it buried the vital spirit of worship. I have in my study an old book of sermons that were preached before Parliament during the sessions of the Westminster Assembly. In one of them by the presiding officer of the Assembly on David's Song, it is urged that the plain song is not itself faulty, but the abuse of it has made it faulty. Listen to this remarkable sentence from the lips of a Puritan, "I admire him (i. e., David) more dancing before the ark than fighting for it." He declares that the employment of heaven shall be a circle; "there we shall always delight to see, and seeing to love, and loving to praise, and praising to sing, and singing to praise, and so back again. If it be true that love and joy make a musician, then the strength

of our salvation gives us new grounds to sing unto the Lord." In another sermon by the chairman of the committee on public worship, the ordinances of the church are said to be "the Word read and preached, prayer, singing, sacraments," and these must be kept from profanation by "punishing sleepers and all other rude persons." Cromwell not only had a taste for music; he appointed a musician to be his own private organist.

Now, I am not saying that the thought of the Puritan concerning worship was not narrow, and bare and bony. I shall be the last to claim that he had the right of the matter. I am simply attempting to state the facts. His best excuse is the necessity to be extreme in the face of the extreme custom which he was combating. He could not use the jingling ballads, the popish church which he detested had not gone to the length of adopting this form alone. The Gregorian chant savored too much of Antichrist. He chose the psalm singing of Geneva. Scott, in Waverly, tells us of a drummer who started the march with "Dumbarton's Drums," but he was silenced by the captain, who refused to permit his followers to march to so profane a tune, and commanded the drummer to beat the 119th Psalm. As this was beyond the capacity of the drubber of sheepskin, he fell into the inoffensive rub-a-dub-dub as a harmless substitute.

But the Puritan was not altogether safe after he had taken the decision. He was divided against himself. If it was profane to read a prayer when praying, why was it not popish to read a psalm when singing? There arose, therefore, a party which held that a brother must stand, extemporize a hymn and tune at the same time. The singing of these early extremists has been characterized as a "barbarous success." Men like Baxter deprecated these excesses. He said, "As it is lawful to use the comfortable help of spectacles in reading the Bible, so music may exhilarate the soul toward God."

It is almost startling to learn that England's greatest musician was developed by the reaction from this dismal view of the art of music. Charles II had suffered during his youth by being compelled to listen to long sermons and interminable prayers uttered by those who cursed the idolatry of his mother, rejoiced in the execution of his father, and tormented him for his human frailty. He no doubt took secret delight in the discomfiture of his enemies when they were compelled to either use the Book of Common Prayer, or leave the charges they held, when they were fined for preaching in private houses and forbidden to approach an incorporated borough for worship unless they would swear that they would give up fighting. But the excesses of the Restoration were far less excusable than the austerity of the Revolution. The whole nation was plunged downward, from innocent gaiety to frivolity, which the Puritan condemned; from frivolity to immorality, which has had the lasting condemnation of the better judgment of the world. It was said that the king could not get through one day without the help of diversions which the late masters of the realm thought sinful; and Macaulay says that it was an age in which there was "servitude without loyalty, sensuality without love, dwarfish talent and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the bigot and the slave."

To such a king music could be only an incentive to mirth, of which the nation had been robbed for these many years. To him the best music was French, the best religious music was such as would make the worship of God eudurable, inasmuch as the king of a Christian nation could not avoid it altogether. The Royal Chapel must be reconstructed, Westminster Abbey must be equipped. But organists had been hustled out of the kingdom as effectually as the Puritan ministers were scattered by Mary. There were almost no organs left; there were few organ builders; a generation of boys had grown to men without musical training for the choirs. Let us remind ourselves again that out of such conditions the greatest musician of England sprang. Cromwell died, and Purcell was born, in 1658.

When Purcell was nine years old his father died; he became a chorister in the Chapel Royal and composed a three-part song of some merit. He was instructed by Captain Henry Cook, "the best musician of his time," Pelham Humphrey, who had the best of education in France, and Dr. Blow, organist at Westminister, "a sound musician, eminent for his goodness, amiability and moral character." At eighteen he became copyist at at the Abbey, and at twenty-four he was appointed organist at the Chapel Royal. He held both positions until his death, which occurred in his thirty-seventh year.

His life was uneventful. He filled his time with work and recreation, producing a great quantity of high grade music and finding relief at "Cobweb Hall," a resort of the musical wits of the day, or at the tavern of the bassoon player, Kennedy. He was no Puritan, although he was not dissipated like most others, and the story that he came to his death at an untimely age because his wife would not let him into the house one cold morning, to punish him for staying out so late, has been refuted by the supposition that his wife was a low-minded and termagant woman, and the fact that during his last sickness he made his will, leaving all of his property to his "loving wife." We must remember the extravagancies of the time and the position he held at court, and rejoice that he was able to carry himself as bravely as he did in the midst of so great impurity. He was a friend of the poet Dryden, and having an apartment in the clock tower of St. James Palace, he gave the poet refuge there when he was in danger of arrest from debt.

He divided his time and genius between the church and the stage, and in both spheres attained the greatest eminence. And this he was required to do because of his position. One Thomas Brown wrote a letter which pretended to be from Dr. Blow to Purcell, who had gone quite unexpectedly to the place of torments in which are these words: "You know men of our profession hang between the church and the playhouse, as Mahomet's tomb does between the two load stones, and must equally incline to both, because by both we are equally supported." "Our Parochial churches this hot weather are but indifferently filled, but our cathedrals are still crowded as they us'd to be, because to one that comes thither truly to serve God, fifty come purely to hear the music." The danger was that the frivolity of the king would invade the sanctuary, and some have accused Purcell of introducing passages into his sacred music to satisfy this taste of his royal master.

His music has had some remarkable effects. When he was twenty he composed a pretty quickstep which was used by Lord Wharton for the words of a ballad which ridiculed the Papists, and especially the Irish. It has always been considered a foolish thing, with its refrain, "Lero, lero, lilliburlero," but Bishop Burnet says that the impression it made "can not be imagined by those who saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." It was largely instrumental in causing the revolution of 1688, and Lord Wharton declared that

the song had sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms. It has been embedded in literature, having been used by Sterne in "Tristam Shandy," by Thackeray in "Henry Esmond," and by Stevenson in "Treasure Island."

His religious music has been an enduring influence. The anthem, "Thou Knowest, Lord," has been used at every choral funeral at Westminster Abbey and at St. Paul's since its first production at the funeral of Queen Mary, on that "dark and troubled day" when a little robin redbreast, seeking refuge from the cold and snow flew into the Abbey and perched upon the hearse. His "Te Deum" was the first work of its kind ever produced in England; for nine years it was sung at the annual festival of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy; then for thirty years it was sung every other year, alternating with Handel's "Te Deum" for the Peace of Utrecht. His spirit still sings in the great oratorios where the combined effects of organ, strings and voices lift sacred music to its highest expression.

One of the handsomest men of his day, his half-length figure, with "brow dress, full-bottomed wig and green nightgown, very finely executed," graced the tavern sign of the bassoon player, Kennedy, for many years; and today, over the fireplace of the music room in Westminster Abbey, hangs his time-stained portrait. He was buried beneath his own organ at Westminster, and the tablet on the floor recorded the fact that, so long as yonder organ breathes and the tuneful throng worship God in song, his memory will live. He was beloved and honored by his contemporaries both for his genius and character; he has been called the "Bacon of his art," "the English Mozart," "that divine author," "the first of English musicians." Wesley compared him to Shakespeare, and a competent judge has said that Purcell is as much the pride of England as Shakespeare, Milton or Newton. He has the same self-sustained power, the same creative fancy, the same bright, original thought, the same intellectual vigor. In him psalm-singing had no representative; he served an age that detested the psalm singer; but the ballad and the plain song in him found recognition, and by his consummate genius he led the tastes of the people for both ballad and serious religious music into the great current that flowed on the continent. In Henry Purcell the bard of the North joined hands with the Greek singer of the South. His greatness is in his mighty grasp of universal tone-speech. The world is one. No nation shall live unto itself, in either painting, poetry, music or religion.

The Humor of Professor Park.

By President J. E. Rankin, Howard University.

Professor Park's long life was doubtless due, in part, to his fondness for the fun of the thing. A jollier companion never lived. His mouth was full of bright and witty things. As to the victim of the anecdote, he never hesitated when that man was himself. He used to tell a story about driving into Connecticut with a fellow-minister, when they approached an attractive village tavern and his companion urged that it would be best to spend the night there. "No," said Professor Park, "I have a college friend who lives near by, and he never would forgive me if I should put up at a public house when he is so near. It is only a few miles farther on." His fellow-traveler urged the wisdom of securing present entertainment, and then making the college friend a call the next morning as they drove past his residence. But Professor Park would not listen. He insisted that he owed it to his old friend and to the laws of hospitality to push on and spend the night there. As they did so, the professor enlarged upon their old relations in college and said, "I will leave you in the buggy and you shall witness the warmth of my reception."

When they reached the house, Professor Park rang the bell and a great, stormy-looking man in his shirt-sleeves, with disheveled hair and disturbed countenance, responded to the summons. The Professor greeted him thus: "I am Edwards Park; we were college mates, you will remember, and I could not drive by without giving you a call." "Edwards Park! What do you want here? I never knew such a man." No explanation availed. The complications thickened. The Professor retired. It was a cut direct. And sitting in the buggy, as an amused spectator, was the traveling companion, whose merriment could scarcely be suppressed, while they resumed their journey and returned for the night to the lately despised hotel.

In the class-room, Professor Park encouraged the greatest freedom and familiarity in arguing and asking questions. In the class of 1863 was a student who had difficulties with the doctrine of the resurrection. He could not see how God could insure the identity of the body after death. "There is no difficulty about that," said the Professor. "God is doing that very thing all the time. He takes sugar from the West Indies, spice from Ceylon, butter from Massachusetts, wheat from Minnesota, corn from New Hampshire, molasses from Porto Rico and fish from Nantucket, and lo, year after year, the same man, pointing to the student who had made the inquiry. Particles all the time changing, coming from animal kingdom, vegetable, mineral, from east and west and north and south, but yet no loss of identity. What God has done and is doing he can go on doing."

Of a student in the Seminary who was paying great attention to the regularity of his physical habits, but who did very little with his books, the Professor said, "That young man is spending all his seminary course in forming the habit of getting up early in the morning."

Rev. A. L. Park of Redlands, California, tells an amusing anecdote of this nature. Greeting Professor Park at the end of a long ride on the railroad, he inquired if he had been wearied by the trip. "No, except people will sit down beside me and compel me to talk. For instance, Professor —— of —— University, has a feeble voice and just as I was getting on the cars in Providence, his eye lighted on me and he sought a seat beside me and as soon as the train got well in motion, he began, 'Professor Park, what do you think of that new work on—" The rest of the sentence was lost in the noise of the train. The question is repeated with the same termination. I answered, 'I have the book on my table and mean to read it as soon as I have leisure," still ignorant of the subject of the book. We are barely settled down in quiet, when Professor —— returns to the attack. 'Professor Park, what do you think of that controversy between—' The rest of the sentence was lost in the rumbling of the train. I do not understand, the question is repeated, and my reply is: 'I am unwilling to express an opinion. I am waiting for more light as to the merits of the question." Again, Professor —— returns to the assault, 'Professor Park, what is your opinion of that affair at ——?' The question is repeated, the result much the same. My reply is, 'I do not know what to think. It seems very blind to me. Do not feel qualified to express an opinion.' Thus, all the way from Providence to Boston, I did not exactly understand a single question he put to me, but felt compelled to make him some sort of respectful answer. You can judge of my intellectual condition on reaching home. Professor

—— sometimes looked a little surprised, but in the main, I think he was satisfied."

The writer of this paper, after becoming President of Howard University, called upon Professor Park, as he almost always did yearly in his later life. He came to the door. I inquired, "Is Professor Park in?" He put his hand up to his brow, shading his eyes in their infirmity, with the answer: "No, the Professor is not in. He does not encourage the attentions of colored men." After hours of delightful talk, full of wisdom and wit on his part, I rise to go. "Don't go," said he, "I've nothing to do." I stayed and dined with him, he asking all sorts of questions about Washington and public life there. To an invitation to visit me, he said: "My son was once invited to Indianapolis to be President Harrison's pastor. He declined the call. If he had gone there I should, doubtless, have been invited to visit at the White House." "Yes," was my reply, "President Harrison, however, is but an accident, but the President of Howard University is a permanency—he is always there." He then began seriously to plead the infirmity of his years and so the subject was dismissed.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Uncle Smart's Wedding.

The news which comes from Cuba that, under the costly administration of the marriage rite in the State church many poor people came together without any ceremony, reminds me of like situation in the South during the war. Among a thousand ex-slaves in St. Helena village who had been captured by Gen. Hunter at Edisto Island and put by Gen. Sexton under my care, I found many such. Trying to get at the situation helpfully and to set an example, the young people would surely notice, I tackled Uncle Smart Campbell as the subject. He had never been legally married, although he had lived fifty years or more with Venus, his queenly and venerable wife. When I told him of the possibility of a church wedding, of the gladness of the General commanding, of the sympathy of the soldier guard, and especially of the good example it would be to the young people, he was won over. But when I approached the blushing Venus, it was another matter. "Massa, I'se had marriage enough." But Uncle Smart was a Presbyterian and believed in the doctrine of "Saint's Perseverance." He pushed a reluctant consent from his bashful old bride. I have not told you that Smart was a preacher, too. He was a mainstay to the young theologue-superintendent-missionary. I needed him, for, with little experience, I found myself put in charge of these souls, awed by their new possession of liberty. I was to ration, govern, teach them and help them start in the new life of which Whittier wrote, "We are rising." It is the story Booker T. Washington tells today. The morning for the weddings came. The missionary and mechanic force were all in the little Episcopal church. The soldiers, including men of rank, were out in bright uniforms. Chaplain French stood by me at the altar. "I had not ventured to marry folks, not having been ordained. After gushing music, such as you cannot buy nowadays, from the trained jubilee singers, reading of Scripture and prayer and a few explanatory remarks, we were ready for the wedding. Seven couples had responded to my request. Uncle Smart came down the aisle with hat and cane. He was a venerable man. You would have sized him up as a Presbyterian; he looked as much like them as the handsome Parsees on the wharf at Shanghai, who looked like a college of Presbyterian professors—black clothes, white tie, polished shoes. I wish I had a kodak picture of him for our Pacific page. Venus had not sat with him. She was way in the corner with the women. With mingled authority and dignity he said, "Come along, old woman," and putting the hook handle of his cane around her fat arm he pulled her into the aisle and led her to the altar. The next worthy couple had lived together thirty years; and so on, down to March, the carpenter, and Tina, who had "just taken each other" the year before.

The chaplain's remarks were stirring. We were within four miles of rebels, who would gladly have strung us all up, and within sound of Gilmore's "swamp angel," booming against Fort Sumpter. The ceremony over there were sincere congratulations—I think no kisses. But it was a wholesome affair. There were no certificates at hand, but I doubt not the children and grandchildren of those dusky aspirants for the services of liberty have kept the Bibles and the records of their names and marriages which it was my great pleasure to give their ancestors. Sure enough it was "but a few days before a young Negro soldier, smart and proud in his new uniform, came down to marry one of our village girls and asked for the solemnity of a church wedding. This hint has perhaps been acted on in Cuba by the missionaries of the A. M. A. An object lesson of the loving interest sincere Christians take in them and of the inexpensiveness of honest marriage will quickly win their simple hearts.

Uncle Smart's Ceremony.

Another time when I could get no chaplain and a young couple wanted chapel marriage, I prepared by a careful study of the prayer-book. With reverence for authority, I handed over the last paragraph for Uncle Smart to read, pronouncing them man and wife. He could quote so much Scripture, I thought of course he could read. I wanted him to pronounce them man and wife, for I felt his manly and dignified, and I believe pure and honorable, life was God's ordination of him for service to his rising people. But when I handed over the prayer-book, he stumbled and fumbled—couldn't see well. But he was equal to the occasion. He shut up the book and, rolling up his cuffs, impressively went at the young couple and gave them a grand sermon. They never were pronounced man and wife, but they were. The gingerbread and molasses and water at the reception were satisfactory, and the crowd on the porch at the superintendent's quarters rivaled the mocking-birds in their songs of praise.

Uncle Jim's Prayer.

Uncle Jim was a typical Methodist. His mouth was like the lease of a house from year to year. And he could open it all. He welcomed me lovingingly. I loved him and shall look for him in heaven. When I checked him for singing, "If Satan rack me up and down, I'll live and die a Methodist," in our union service, and bade him change the word "Methodist" to "Christian," his Christian heart took the point at once, and he never troubled me with any more sectarianism. He would sway back and forth in prayer until I thought he would bump the floor with the back of his head and his forehead as well. I cannot reproduce his prayers for me, for his people, for "Massa Lincum's gunboats," but I heard his perorations so often I can quote it to him when I introduce you to him on the shining shore: "It's not thro' any worth or worthiness of me, but arter youse done let me go troo my tree-score years and ten, and been kicked around like a foot-ball for the debbil, take me down in peace to my watery grave. As a friend to the poor it is your feeble brother's humble prayer. Amen and Amen!"

Attitude and Outlook.

[An address by H. H. Atkinson, M.D., under appointment to the Harpoot Mission, A. B. C. F. M.

During the past twelve years I have been working and studying with a definite ideal in mind. This ideal or ambition, as I might better term it, was formed after a careful study of myself, my inclinations and capabilities, and with the sincere desire to render the best account of the talents which God had given me. I chose medicine because my natural gifts lay in that direction. I chose the foreign field because the best results are there obtained for the effort put forth. It is a rich and ripe field, with but few laborers. This ideal of foreign missionary service I am soon to attain. I have received my appointment and I begin my journey to Harpoot next week.

You have heard of this place and its needs, as just presented by Dr. Frear. I feel highly complimented in being chosen to fill so important a station. The character of the people among whom I am to work is a source of especial satisfaction to me. I was willing to work for the Africans, Chinese, Hindus, or Pacific Islanders; but I must confess that I was glad to learn of my appointment to a people of our own Aryan race, bright and intelligent. These Armenians, as the result of the labors of our own denomination among them, have come to this country in large numbers. We do not need to go outside of our own church membership to find them. One especially has made the acquaintance of many of you; a social, jolly, true-hearted fellow, whom to know is to love. Is it not pleasant that a foreign work is to be among such a people?

During the past two or three weeks I have been receiving letters from my future co-laborers in Harpoot. They seem to be very thankful that at last a physician is to be with them, to work for them, to work with them, and to be one of them. Their welcome is full of Christian love and good will. This welcome and love I extend to you, for it is your work which I am to do. It is interesting to note what they expect of me. They take for granted that I will have the professional charge of the mission people, of the missionaries and their families, of the 1,200 scholars of our college and schools, of the orphans in our orphanage, beside the extensive practice which they expect me to enter upon. Rev. Mr. Brown tells me that I will have calls a day's journey distant, and incidentally mentions a German orphanage a half-hour's ride down the valley, with its 500 orphans, for whose good health I am to be responsible. Rev. Mr. Knapp suggests that I spend a couple of months in studying dentistry, so as to be able to take care of their teeth as well. Pres. Gates of Euphrates College writes that he hopes I will come prepared to take charge of physiology and hygiene in the college, and also to lecture on other branches kindred to my profession. You see, they have plenty for me to do. Our field is large and the amount accomplished will be measured only by my ability and strength. And yet, after all, this professional work of mine is not the supreme object of my mission. Medicine and surgery are only powerful *keys* by which I hope to unlock the hearts of these people, that I may show them Christ and his love.

Having attained this, the first ambition of my life, I find a much broader and wider field opening up before me, for the formation of grander ideals, of greater opportunities for soul-saving, of professional work well done, of a hospital becoming a necessity, and of a medical department to Euphrates College. Some of these may be years before being realized, but when an opening comes I shall enter. I mean to improve every opportunity. I believe that God wants manly, self-reliant men and women for his workers, therefore I shall try to do as it is said of Gen. O. O. Howard: "When he prayed, he prayed as if all depended upon the Lord; and when he fought, he fought as if all depended upon himself." My purpose will be, in the future, as it as been in the past, to do with a will what lies nearest at hand, and keep an eye open for the future.

The parish of this, the First Congregational church of San Francisco, is being enlarged. It is to stretch forth a long arm to the East and take charge of the medical work in Harpoot, Eastern Turkey. This is your work, and I am to do it. Our Heavenly Father has been very good to me in allowing me to represent so noble a church. The nearer the time comes for my departure, the more and more I feel the need of your interested aid and co-operation. Pray for me, that I may be worthy of the position I am called to fill; that I may be equal to the tasks before me. Pray that I may be a true and faithful worker in our Master's vineyard. We feel the need of those prayers which are sincere, continuous outpouring of the heart to God, engendered by a deep, continued interest in this, the Christ's work in foreign missions.

As this is the last morning service which we shall be with you, we wish now to say farewell to you as a church. We wish to express our sincere appreciation of the relationship which is to exist between us. May God bless it and our work. Yours in his foreign service. Good-by.

Golden Jubilee.

The Independent Order of Good Templars of this District celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their organization on the evening of the 9th of July, in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. All who have ever been members of the Order, and all who sympathize with their work are invited to be present and enjoy and participate in the exercises. They will review a moving army of six millions of adult members of a fraternity which has been the best friend the church has had. For many years they expended about six thousand dollars a year in this State for literature and lectures, and at one time they numbered eighteen thousand adults in their lodges and sixteen thousand children in their Bands of Hope in this State alone. Christians, come, and invite the world to our Jubilee. *Lydia F. Lusc.*

To fill the vacancy caused by Professor Walker's withdrawal, Rev. Curtis M. Geer, Ph.D., professor of history and economics in Bates College, has been chosen to be associate professor of Germanic and Western Church history. Dr. Geer is a Connecticut man, a graduate of Williams College in 1887 and of Hartford Seminary in 1890. He has served two years as fellow of the Seminary, studying at Leipsic, where he received his doctor's degree for work in medieval and modern history, and has had two pastorates, the first at East Windsor and the second at Danvers Center, Mass. He has been in the Faculty at Bates College since 1897, making a strong impression as a teacher, and becoming prominent in the local religious life of the city of Lewiston. Last year he was elected president of the local Y. M. C. A.

Professor Melancthon W. Jacobus has decided to remain in Hartford Theological Seminary, having declined the three calls he has recently received to Princeton Seminary, Chicago Seminary and McCormick Seminary.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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Southern Branch of the W. B. M. P.

The first report is in from the traveling missionary libraries—that sent to San Jacinto, in San Bernardino District. The lady in charge of it there writes of the nearly two months they have had it: "I realize our limit of time for the missionary library is nearly up. Some of our ladies are very much interested in the reading. Our meeting last week was very interesting, each lady giving the gist of the book she had read. Of course, they could not all be read in such a short time by busy women. One lady, not a church member, recently joined our society and has read five of the books, and came for more. I think she would read them all if we had them long enough. She is not a lady of leisure, by any means. She is very much interested, and I know they will do her good, as well as others. We have held our meetings every two weeks as an impetus for the ladies to have their books ready to exchange. A friend came to visit me just before the books came, so my time for reading has been quite limited; only succeed in reading two."

The vice-president of this district decides to lengthen the time for the stay of the books at this place.

Letter from the lady in charge of the first Los Angeles District traveling library, which is now at Whittier: "A list of the books was pasted on the inside of the box-lid, and a blank book accompanied the books for use as a record of books and those who read them, with the date of taking and returning them, asking them to note anything of interest that occurred in connection with the use of the library. A limit of two weeks was given for one person to hold a book; after that a fine of five cents a week, this money to be used towards the purchase of more books. Four months was given as the limit of time for the box to remain, with the recommendation that three months be aimed at in which to get the greatest amount of good, to keep the interest lively. We have six volumes towards another box. These will be in use during the summer by a reading circle here. The name of the Southern Branch is written in the front of each book sent out."

At a recent convention of the San Bernardino County Christian Endeavorers, a Missionary Hour was on the program, during which "Mission Study Classics" were spoken of and their workings described. They were spoken of as the best means for young people to become informed on the subject of missions. At the close of the Convention, among the resolutions presented was the following: "Resolved, That the Mission Study class plan recommended by the Student Volunteers, and presented at this meeting, be endorsed by this Convention and recommended to Endeavorers for use in their societies."

Report of Young People's Work, Given at the Annual Meeting.

The work of the year in the Young People's Department began with Miss Marden as our Superintendent. It was a great loss to us when she left California to take up the work of teaching in Georgia, among the colored people. She had laid good foundations, and the workers in the societies have been faithful, and the results are on the whole encouraging. Miss Marden, before she went, wrote to each society, making suggestions in regard to the year's work and assigning to each a certain amount to be given, if possible. It is interesting to compare the list of amounts given with the list of amounts assigned. They vary greatly. Some have given much more, and some much less. The Ontario C. E., assigned $4.00, gives $15.00, a scholarship in Miss Perkins' school, India.

In December was sent out a circular letter, enclosing our folder of work and suggested program for the Missionary Rally of Young People, to be held simultaneously all over Southern California on the last night of the old year, and of the century. These were sent to 56 C. E. societies and our three mission clubs.

In March the request for reports was sent out. The treasurer's account shows that good work has been done.

The Redlands Young Woman's Society reports 40 members, interesting programs, and a plsasant social life in the society. They have given, as last year, $25, and $10 to the Century Fund, not increasing their offering more this year because it seemed wiser to cancel their pledge for the pulpit furniture in their new church.

The Pasadena Young Woman's Society reports 20 active and 23 honorary members, and well attended and interesting meetings. The first of the year they studied Africa; the latter part, work in our country; and have had two missionary addresses. They have raised $100, given voluntarily, showing the interest is genuine.

The Mission Study Club of the First church, Los Angeles, has been doing genuine work in study, using text-books and reciting. Such work lays the foundation for all good things of missionary interest and work. They have given $100.35 to foreign missions.

The Christian Endeavor societies that reported tell of conditions that are, on the whole, encouraging. Most of these hold a regular missionary meeting, with the regular topic given. Some are making a real study of our mission fields. Several societies have been visited by representatives of the Pomona College Mission Classes, and are considering forming mission study classes. Ontario, Redlands and Highlands have already done so.

The gifts from all the societies would certainly be larger if systematic giving were more general. We must always work for that.

During the year gifts have been received from 24 societies and clubs, amounting to $393.93. This money is to go to Japan, India and Turkey, the Doshisha, Miss Perkins' school, and Mrs. Baldwin.

We can count the dollars and cents given this year, but who can measure the deeper knowledge of missions, and the more earnest prayer and consecration? For growth in all these ways we are praying and working.

North Ontario. *Aurelia S. Harwood*, Supt.

A letter lately received from Rev. Mr. Dorward, also one from Mrs. Dorward, South Africa, and a full and interesting statement from Miss Perkins of her work in India, as she has just left it, can be had by our auxiliaries by applying to Miss Maria P. Lyman, our foreign secretary, 685 Fifteenth street, Riverside.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

The Genesis of Sin and Redemption. (Gen iii: 1-15.)

Lesson II. July 14, 1901.

It is this picture we are to study today; following that of the world as it came from God's hand, with man, its earthly lord, living in blissful intercourse and service with its Creator.

The standpoint from which the writer of these notes will attempt the exposition of the story is that of "idealized history"—not myth, nor allegory, but history; and yet not history in the modern style, but history clad in Oriental garb and addressed to the spiritual, rather than to the strictly logical faculties. The result of all this is that, while the general significance is obvious, much is left to the imagination, and, upon some of its specific details, no certain judgment can be passed; e. g., "the tree of life, and the knowledge of good and evil"—whether these were distinct species, unlike those by which they were surrounded, or differed from them only as marked off and set apart by God for this special service; whether, again, the serpent, which figures in the temptation were an objective reality, and, if so, whether the curse denounced upon him involved a literal degradation, or merely a symbolic use of the characteristics, precisely as the rainbow was afterwards employed. A similar question arises in connection with the soliloquy of Jehovah (iii: 22), i. e., whether or not we shall understand this as an instance of that attribution of human forms of thought to God, without which he cannot become intelligible to man. In this case, too, its form is unimportant in comparison with the great truth of God's active concern in the state of the world, as we know it. The whole narrative is thus a pictorial explanation of how those ideal relations between man and God, and man and his world, which we saw in our last lesson, became so sadly, and yet not hopelessly, changed. Without, therefore, allowing ourselves to be diverted by secondary matters, explicable or inexplicable, let us turn to the story—

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden, till one greater Man restore us."

Innocent and Blest.

So the human race as represented by Adam and Eve, came into existence. They were not savages just emerging from animalism; but neither were they the counterparts of cultivated Christian men and women at the present day. They were simply persons of at least average mental and moral endowments; free from taint in body or in soul; but ignorant as babes, of the world into which they had been introduced; without experience of life, or moral training; and specially unaware of the depths of Satan. But life for such as they must involve trial, as the condition of that spiritual character in which alone God's ideal man could come to realization. For character is of necessity a growth. To obviate the need of this is not an object of power. The necessity of it is inherent in the nature of things, involved in the very idea of morals, which God, as a moral Being, at the head of a moral government, must recognize. The test, therefore, must come to our first parents. It could not be avoided. The *conditions* of it, however, were an object of divine power. And God's goodness was manifest in the form it took—its gracious adaptation to the conditions of its subjects. He would reduce the inevitable risk to its lowest terms; but he could not altogether omit the test. The risk must be taken.

Tempted and Fallen.

So the trial came on, substantially as related, with its tragic ending. As regards the persons involved, these were the same as are brought together in all the great spiritual conflicts of the world, and their agency was correspondent.

(1) God was over all; permitting and, in a secondary sense, ordaining the trial, as a part of his moral government; determining the conditions under which it should take place, and providing for those which its issue would create.

(2) Satan was there as the tempter; for sin was in the world before man was placed here, and sin worked then in its usual way, to drag others down unto death. That Satan was the real deceiver here we may assume; for so the Scriptures everywhere affirm. The serpent was, at most, but his unconscious instrument, both in the temptation and in the subsequent curse.

(3) There were also human agents, whom this embodied sin approached, by the usual channels, and overcame by customary methods. The whole transaction, therefore, is in the highest degree instructive for us and worthy of careful study.

1. As as fixing the characteristic element of all sin. "Sin," wrote an apostle long years afterwards, "is lawlessness," i. e., disobedience. All sin possesses this quality. Whatever, therefore, went before, or followed, this first act, the sin of the woman and the man lay in their disobedience. God had said, "Thou shalt not." He had a right to say this; the woman had a right to obey. Until that restriction was raised, she had no right to do otherwise. And when, in the exercise of her own self will, she determined to act contrary to God's rightful ordinance, that moment she sinned. How it was possible for a being, previously sinless, to act in this way, is a mystery which earthly philosophy cannot explain, but which human experience proclaims to be a fact. And *all* sin begins, and continues, in the determination to gratify self will at the cost of obedience. No man is holy whose heart is not intent upon doing God's will. Nothing can avail in its place. Sin, strictly speaking, is an affair of the heart; the outward action is but the dress, in which the rebellious self will clothes itself. External restraint may prevent such development; but the sin is there if the willingness to act disobediently is in the heart. Sin, therefore, is not a condition of progress. Trial may be, but not sin. The fall of man was not a fall upward and forward, but downward and backward. Sin is rebellion, and rebellion against benign authority is not an upward step; sin is disobedience, and disobedience to rightful rule is not in the line of direct advance. Only as *overruled* can it issue otherwise than in disaster. Sin is the recoil of self-will from the righteous will of God, and that is not imperfection merely—it is badness; it is moral rot. And well it is for us that the first transgression brings out so clearly this essential element of all sin, and its brand of shame.

2. Let us make this fact more impressive by dissecting this primal offense; separating the circumstantial from the essential and distinguishing the sin from its environment.

See the woman, then, in all the bringht innocence of her creation, as she stands before the mysterious tree of the knowledge of good and evil. She has admired its beauty before this, but without the slightest impulse to appropriate its luscious fruit. Enough for her has been the word of God prohibiting it.

But now comes the suggestion—probably in articulate speech—by the tempter, that a good God could not possibly forbid an enjoyment, so simple and so innocent, as partaking of its fruit. Then the struggle begins. "Is it so," she asks herself; is the prohibition severe?" No! and yet it does seem so. What possible harm could there be in it? Ah, Mother Eve, we are one with you in this. So we forget, in crucial moments, our numberless privileges; and "Of every tree of the garden thou mayst freely eat" is quite lost sight of, before God's "But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it."

Again there sounds the tempter's voice, this time bolder and more arrogant, "Ye shall not surely die"; and this God knows very well. On the contrary, it will make you like him in wisdom and in power. And that is precisely why he refuses the permission to eat of it. "What! is this so? It cannot be; and yet—how beautiful it is! how luscious the fruit! Quite the finest of any in the garden; good for food, too, and fascinating in its effects! Knowledge of good and evil—raising one to equality with God! So this bright being interprets it. She draws nearer now; the arm is raised to pluck; the hand is extended; it grasps the fruit; lets go; siezes; wrenches it from the tree; eats; gives also to her husband—the deed is done!

What is all this but a panorama of sin? Faith in God, the wise and loving Father, trembling and obscured; restless dissatisfaction; vagrant desire; *evil choice!* It was at this last point that sin entered. All those natural feelings to which that mysterious tree appealed—love of the beautiful, appetite for food, ambition for a larger life—all these were there, and responsive to the tempter's crafty suggestion before her sin. They were the outposts of virtue, which it was unwise for her to lay open to the foe; but the citadel was surrendered only when "I will" usurped the throne of "I ought," and "she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also to her husband, and he did eat."

It is a sad picture, is it not? But whose are those faces which crowd the background of it? Are they our photographs? Are we, too, partakers of that first sin? Have we ever allowed some forbidden pleasure to overshadow our heavens, and shut out the light of mercies innumerable? Have we chafed under restraints, from which others seem to be free, which we ourselves in the past have innnocently neglected? Has God's Word, even God himself, in such straits, seemed vague, unreal, unlovely? And so has desire waxed stronger and resistance weaker, until we, too, have been possessed by the spirit of lawlessness and seized the coveted good, only to find, as they did, it turning to ashes in our hand, to gall in our mouth?

"Every man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust and enticed." But "lust, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth sin." Sin is something superadded to native appetites or passions—even disordered appetites or passions—it is lust gratified, wayward desires accepted as the choice of the heart, lawless pleasures fastened upon one in lawless act.

3. But now mark the fatal change wrought in those hitherto innocent and happy persons, the beginnings of that mysterious death of which they had been forwarned.

(1) With bitter irony the narrative suggests it. "The eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked." A new world was opened before them, in which things which had been better hidden from their eyes took the place of that glory which before had enwrapped them; a new sense took possession of them—the sense of shame. And that is ever the curse of sin; it shuts out the heavenly gladness, and drives the sinner into the gloom of images impure and debasing.

(2) Hard upon this presses another of these sad discoveries. The Lord God had been wont to meet with them in a special manner every day for loving converse. And this had been the brightest, gladdest hour of them all. But now, as they heard the familiar sound of his approach, it struck their hearts with dread and "they hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden." Does not the truthfulness of this scene also appeal to our hearts? Do we not also sadly know what strange distaste for the quiet hours of prayer and filial intercourse with God, for the Bible, and whatever serves to bring us into his personal presence, follows upon our sinful ways?

(3) No less familiar is the next development—the attempt to shirk responsibility, to cast the blame for our offenses upon another: "the woman whom Thou gavest me," "the serpent beguiled me," "circumstances were against me and I fell."

(4) That, however, is not the lowest deep. Shamelessness is worse than shame. Adam and Eve had sinned, had fallen from their high estate as children of God, but in their fall they testify to the reality of goodness. It was left for Satan to brazen it out, without an attempt to excuse or mitigate his crimes. But, oh, this is worst of sin that, unrestrained, it tends always to this devilish hardness and unrepentant shamelessness.

The Curse, the Penalty, the Redemption.

1. The obejcts of the curse are twofold:

(1) The serpent as symbolizing the real criminal—the devil. Universal detestation and ultimate defeat are his recompense. Devilish men also are included.

(2) The ground. Paradise is lost; the world characterized, not as Eden, but by its thorns and thistles. Were our morals better, would there be such strange commotions and marrings in the natural world?

2. Mankind are put into rigorous training, involving not merely struggle as the condition of achievement, but pain and loss; upon the woman a more than equal part in the suffering and sorrow of life; upon the man a toilsome career, often defeated, to subdue the natural world, once willingly submissive, now rebellious, to his sway.

3. Yet, through all the sad decree there runs a strain of hope. The curse of God is but the under side of blessing. The seed of the woman shall yet repair the primal ruin. The garden ceased to be man's earthly home; but this, that the holy city might take its place and the world be redeemed and won.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

The Individual Work for Christ. (Acts viii; 27-40.)

Topic foi July 14, 1901.

The renovation of society, of which we hear so much in these days, has one danger: it tends to weaken individual responsibility. The more we attempt to wholesale Christian work, the more human nature retires the individual. What we can do or think we do by passing laws and organizing clubs and holding conventions, we are not inclined to undertake single-handed. Thousands of Christians have passed over the temperance work into the hands of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union or other similar organizations, and do not really feel any personal responsibility for the advance or decline of total abstinence or the removal of the saloon

plague from our civilization. Look over your field and decide how many in your society or your church actually feel a personal responsibility for "the way things go" and do not seem expect that somehow the church or the society or a few prominent people in them will accomplish what is desirable while they undertake no special burdens. How do you feel about it yourself?

* * *

While it is very well to organize for the sake of orderly procedure, the strength and success of any organization will depend upon those who feel and execute their individual responsibility. Think of this and test it. In your mind select a half-dozen or more who you are sure realize their personal responsibility for the work for Christ, and then think of them as suddenly disappearing from the society or the church to which they belong. Ask yourself how much would be accomplished by the rest. You will then easily perceive that all that bodies of people accomplish is done by the members who feel and assume their individual burdens. This difference usually exposes itself by the language heard regarding any desirable work in view. The irresponsible fringe of the Christian Endeavor Society or the church will say, "What are *they* going to do about it?" But the person who feels that the work is individual and belongs to him just as much, or more, than to any one will inquire, "What are *we* to do about it?"

* * *

The Scripture account of Philip is a good study in this topic. The reader of the Acts has not forgotten that this man was one of the seven recently mentioned who were "full of the Spirit and of wisdom." Individual desire and determination to do work for Christ come from the presence of the Holy Spirit in our souls far more than any other source. We have band music and sacred concerts and stereopticon exhibitions to arouse interest. These have their part, perhaps, in quickening the blaze, like oil poured over a brush heap; but no man can have the mind of Christ without feeling this eagerness to do individual work for him. So far as we can infer from reading the operations of the Holy Spirit in conducting the Christian work of those early days, he was very conservative in the matter of organization for work. The Christians combined for fellowship and assistance, but the work was almost done two by two. We read of the twelve apostles and the "other seventy," but even these accomplished their work individually.

* * *

Philip was a man evidently hunting for work that he could do for Christ. Too many of us are like dressmaker's apprentices; we want the work cut out, fitted, basted and laid in our lap; then we will run some machine to sew up the seams. When Philip was chased out out of Jerusalem he went to the Samaritans to do some individual work—about the hardest spot a Jew could have found. It is strange he did not call a convention at some of the rural resorts on the shore of Galilee. But then he was rather new in the work and had not had the privileges of our modern ways. We must not be too critical of his methods. But this man who hunted for his work seemed to find plenty of it and to be very successful in it, as we can see from the record given in the early part of this chapter. The Endeavorer who does individual work and is happy over it is the one who hunts for it, and is not discouraged if he finds it in some hard places.

* * *

When the Spirit found Philip hunting for work, he gave him some special commissions. It was a great deed to lead into the kingdom that representative man from the government of Candace. What headlines would appear in the "Christian Endeavor World" if some man of high authority from a foreign nation had appeared at the convention in Santa Ana recently, and had been converted! This side-trip that Philip had was worth recording for the ages to read. But then every one of us, if we will open our hearts to the Spirit and hunt for indivual work for Christ, in the course of a lifetime, will do something for our Lord quite as well worth recording as this. Besides this, that sequence is interesting. The Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip." He did not have to send any newspaper clippings ahead of him. He did not have to apply to any "bureau of supply!" Let some Endeavorer just write a short breezy sketch of the life of Philip from the material given in the Acts, with modern inferences, and you will have an interesting meeting, besides knowing a deal more about individual work for Christ.

Quiet Corner Notes.

By W. N. Burr.

With the summer relaxation comes again the matter of summer reading. The historical novel will no doubt go into camp with many of us this season. How much we shall all know, one of these days, of men and affairs behind us, if this historical story-writing is kept up a few years longer! Even now is there an untouched field anywhere between Adam and King Edward VII, for the old novelists to till, and for new ones to lead us into? Of course, we are all reading this literature, for the only way for one to be "up-to-date" nowadays is to lock arms with a twentieth-century story-teller and go with him into the past!

And some of it is delightful reading—and more of it would be if a good many of our fiction writers could be brought to places where soap and water do abound, and given a thorough scrubbing. For it must be they are not clean themselves, else how can they delight in putting so much that is unclean and profane into the mouths of the men who appear in the books they write? If it is the stern decree of "realism," then may we be given less realism and more purity!

But it certainly is not necessary to fill the pages of the historical novel with profanity. In "Via Crucis," Marion Crawford has given us a strong story of the days of King Stephen of England and the early years of Henry II; and only once is an oath found in this book, and then it is quickly broken off by a dash, giving the reader the impression that it was a hasty exclamation that the author of the book is a little ashamed of. The historical setting of Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea and Nay," overlaps that of "Via Crucis", and its principal movement is scarce a generation later; but there are not many pages of this book that are not befouled by the most senseless profanity. Maurice Hewlett's book has its merits; but a man with any reverence in his soul for God, any sensitiveness in harmony with the third commandment, cannot read it aloud. If Marion Crawford can give to the world a clean story drawn from the twelfth century, Maurice Hewlett can do the same, if he wants to. It is not an unyielding realism that is dictator—it is the personal choice of the author.

Christian book-lovers have numerous opportunities for protesting against this easy profanity. It is not the matter of least interest in our twentieth-century crusade against that which is unholy.

Corona, Calif.

Church News.

Northern California.

Suisun.—Rev. John M. Lewis preached in the Congregational church on Sunday last (June 30th). He will also supply the pulpit next Sunday (July 7th).

Rocklin.—Mr. Yarrow's work here is opening with unexpected promise. The finances are in better condition than previously, which is a good sign. A special sermon to children is a feature of every morning service.

Murphys.—A new coat of paint is being put on the church, and some other improvements are planned. A visiting Baptist minister spent a week with the pastor and preached on Sunday, and was quite emphatic in his comendation of the spirit of the church work, and especially the work of the Christian Endeavor Society.

Cloverdale.—During the past year this church has lost considerably through death and removal. The membership roll, however, has increased rather than decreased. Six united last Sunday upon confession of faith, making thirteen additions since January; more are to follow. The pastor has already some new names for the next communion.

Railroad Flat, Calaveras County, Mt. Zion church.—Two persons were received by letter and two upon confession June 21st. Two more have been voted to membership and will, D. V., be received at the next pastoral visit. Brother Towle, the sub-pastor, is doing most excellent work. Miss Carrie Ellis held evangelistic services two weeks and there was much good done, but only two were actually brought to decision.

San Francisco Richmond.—The Rev. E. J. Singer preached very acceptably in the morning, the pastor being absent at a funeral service. In the evening Judge Wm. Celley Fitch of St. Paul, Minn., delivered an interesting address on "How to Get the Most Happiness out of Life." Judge Fitch was formerly in the 13th Minnesota regiment and a regular attendant at this church when in this city with his regiment. Having graduated at the State University, Minn., since his return, in the law department, and being elected Justice of the Peace, he has given up his practice and position to engage in Christian work with the army in the Philippines.

Cherokee.—Rev. J. B. Orr has just closed a very delightful series of meetings at Cherokee. The interest and attendance increased steadily to the last. The last meeting was continued until very late, the people being loth to part with our brother, who, in ten short days, had so won the affection and esteem that "parting was sweet sorrow." Fifteen persons definitely signified their desire henceforth to lead a Christian life, four of whom joined the church on confession of faith. Thirty persons pledged themselves to study the teachings of Jesus according to a plan explained by Mr. Orr. This course of study will be pursued in connection with the Wednesday evening meeting. The people and pastor at Cherokee are grateful to Mr. Orr and are glad to express to the California Congregational churches, their confidence in him as a teacher and as a herald of the glad tidings.

San Francisco First.—At the First Congregational church, San Francisco, last Sunday morning, a most impressive farewell service was held for Herbert H. Atkinson, M.D., who goes next week as a medical missionary to Harpoot, Turkey. Rev. Walter Frear spoke of the Harpoot and Eastern Turkey mission. Dr. Geo. B. Somers told of the opportunities of a medical missionary. Rev. W. H. Atkinson, father of the Doctor, spoke of the joy of missionary service, and gave a most impressive charge to his son. Dr. Atkinson read a short statement, and his pastor said a few words at parting, and presented a sum of money contributed by the Y. P. S. C. E. Dr. Atkinson is a graduate of Iowa College, and of the Cooper Medical College of this city; he has spent a year in special hospital work; his professors speak in the highest terms of his ability and earnestness. His salary is to be paid by the First church.

Southern California.

Ontario.—Rev. Ralph B. Larkin preaches his first sermon as pastor on June 16th, from the text Ex. xxxiii: 15—"If thy presence go not with me lead us not up hence"—what a pastor has a right to expect of his people, and what they have a right to expect of their pastor.

Los Angeles, First.—Sunday, the 30th, was observed as Independence Sunday by the First church, Los Angeles. In the morning, Dr. Day spoke on "What Would Have Been Left Out if the United States Had Been Left Out." In the evening, he talked of "The Men Whom This Republic Must Have." Rev. William Horace Day, associate pastor, has returned from his vacation, which was spent in and around San Francisco, supplying the First church, Oakland, on two Sundays.

Jubilee of the Y. M. C. A.

The International Jubilee Convention of these Associations recently held in Boston, was a memorable occasion. Boston was one of the two birthplaces of the organization, the other being Montreal. At this half-century celebration, two thousand regularly accredited delegates were present; but besides these the number in attendance was so great that every night the meeting-place—the Mechanics' Building—seating nearly six thousand people was crowded.

Reports given on the occasion show that there are now in the United States and Canada 1,476 Associations, having a membership of 268,477, of whom 123,887 are active members or members of evangelical churches. Of Association buildings there are 391, having a money value of $21,445,415. There are 1,522 secretaries employed, and last year there was expended in their distinctive work the sum o f$3,234,928.

The most hopeful feature in the development of the past few years is the increase of Bible classes, Bible study, personal and evangelistic work, and the work for boys. $500,000 dollars have been conditionally secured toward the $1,000,000 endowment, which previous conventions had endorsed, and for which earnest efforts are making.

The Fifth International Convention of the Epworth League will be held in this city July 18th-21st. Many delegates will arrive several days in advance of this time, so as to attend the great Chorus Concert on Tuesday evening, July 16th, also the Prayer-meeting receptions Wednesday evening, July 16th; some will be here for Sunday, the 14th. No less than 50,000 people will come to the city at this time and thousands have already written for accommodations in private families. We want the names and addresses of all those who are willing to accommodate our guests with room and board, or room alone, and what the cost will be to the delegates. Some delegates will want just room and breakfast. Send this information at once to Chas. H. J. Truman, Chairman Entertainment Committee, Y. M. C. A. Bldg., City.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

The commencement exercises of the thirty-fourth graduating class of Pacific University took place on the 19th inst. Only twice since 1863 has the class been larger than this year. The chapel, tastefully trimmed with yew, ferns and roses, was well filled with an interested audience. Dean W. N. Ferrin presided. The Rev. W. H. Tibbals of Salt Lake City invoked the divine blessing. The presentation of the themes was marked by individuality and force. Archibald A. Atkinson found in the profession of medicine an opportunity for scientific study and the development of manly kindness and helpfulness. Miss Lora F. Butler presented a discriminating study of William the Silent. Miss Rose Jane Long made an effective appeal for a place for woman in public life. Miss Gertrude E. Marsh urged the study and companionship of Nature as a source of refinement. Alfred M. North called attention to the probable advantages to come from the Lewis and Clark Exposition in 1905. Miss Fern F. Stout emphasized the need of municipal righteousness. Miss Mary M. Tibbals gave a sketch of Tabitha Brown, founder of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University. Miss Elda R. Walker spoke of the mutual dependence of different forms of life. Miss Leva B. Walker drew some helpful and comforting lessons from the presence of the bacteria in man's world. These young ladies are grandchildren of the late Rev. Elkanah and Mary Richardson Walker, pioneer missionaries of the American Board, who came to Oregon in 1838.

The graduating class, for the first time in the history of the university, wore caps and gowns.

The musical program consisted of a vocal solo, "Sancta Maria" (Faure), by Miss Maude A. Shannon, with violin obligato by Miss Anna English; "Summer," by Miss Jennie Greer, and a piano solo, "Nocturne," by Miss Wilma Chandler.

Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman, of the First Congregational church of this city, and Rev. J. E. Walker, an early graduate, and for many years a missionary at Foo Chow, China, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and never was this degree more worthily bestowed.

Announcement was made of the Tibbals oratorical prizes, which had been awarded to Miss Fern F. Stout, of McMinnville, $25; Edgar Meresse, of Forest Grove, $15, and Walter Dimick, of Hubbard, $10.

A committee of five was appointed to take initial steps in preparing a history of the instituion.

The concert which closed the exercises of commencement week was attended by a large and appreciative audience. The whole program reflected great credit on the department of music, which conducted the concert.

The annual union rally of the W. H. M. U. and the W. B. M. P. was held in the Portland First church on the 21st inst. Delegates were present from all over the State, and the occasion was one of great interest.

Rev. M. Angelo Dougherty arrived here from San Francisco yesterday. He preaches for Rev. E. S. Bollinger at the Oregon City church today.

Rev. Mac H. Wallace, of the Eugene church, started on a trip to Boston and other eastern points on the 22d inst., and will be absent several weeks.

Rev. H. J. Zercher is now serving the church at Willard, a few miles northeast of Salem.

Upon going aboard the northbound train from Corvallis to Portland last Wednesday, your correspondent met with a gratifying surprise in finding the hard-working Pacific editor, Mr. Ferrier, going his way. It is hoped that his few days of vacation in the invigorating Oregon climate will do him much good, and give him renewed strength to carry on his important work.

Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

Rev. Elvira Cobleigh of Walla Walla has resigned her pastorate of the Whitman-Eells church, and will confine her labors to the Carpenter church and vicinity. Rev. A. R. Olds will have charge of the Whitman-Eells church, in addition to Touchett and other points. It is proposed to have a pastor for the Eureka Flat church and the regions beyond.

Rev. F. E. Whitham has already proved himself the right man in the right place, as the pastor of the Ritzville church. He has been instrumental in infusing new courage and life into the church, and has succeeded in a remarkable manner in enlisting the interest of outsiders. The old church has been transformed into a convenient parsonage, and a new church to cost $45.00 is being erected, subscriptions to that amount already having been obtained. Ritzville is one of the most growing towns in the "Inland Empire," it being the largest wheat shipping point in the State. Lynde, twenty miles west of Ritzville, has grown in three years from a few houses to a town of over a thousand people. The towns in the wheat-growing region are growing rapidly.

The Home Missionary Committee of Eastern Washington held an all-day meeting at Spokane on June 25th, with Superintendent W. W. Scudder present. The situation and needs of the field were thoroughly discussed, and as much as possible provision made to supply the pastorless churches of Cheney, Colville, Sprague and Almira. These are all important fields and need strong and good men. Rev. H. M. Painter has closed his first year at Rosalia. His year's work has given special satisfaction to the church and community. There were twelve added to the church on confession of faith. They are now planning to erect a parsonage in the near future.

The work at Mullan, Idaho, has developed rapidly since Rev. Edmund Owens has begun to preach in the place. A church of twenty members was temporarily organized recently. A council for recognition is called to meet on July 22d.

Rev. W. H. Atcheson has taken hold of the work at Tekoa and Farmington with vigor. The people have rallied around him in a manner that promises earnest co-operation and fruitful results.

It would be difficult to find a harder working missionary than Rev. F. McConoughy of Deer Park. He covers a circuit of about thirty miles with half a dozen preaching places. After preaching he conducts a conference or class-meeting, with gratifying results.

Some of the friends of Eells Academy, Colville, are determined that the institution shall not die. It would be nothing less than a calamity to permit a school founded to the memory of one of the most heroic and consecrated of missionaries, and one that has done such good work to languish and perish for lack of support. The people of Colville have failed to fully appreciate the value of this institution.

Rev. W. H. G. Temple, D.D., begins on Sunday next (July 7th), the seventh year of this pastorate of the Plymouth Congregational church of Seattle, Wash.

The "Carrie and Annie," the missionary schooner of the A. B. C. F. M., which left San Francisco on the 7th of June, reached Honolulu on the 24th, a pleasant passage of seventeen days. She was to leave that point on July 1st, for her tour of the Caroline Islands.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Boyless Town,

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise;
"The town would be so pleasant, you know,
If only there were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,
And then, of a sudden, the town grew still;
For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street
There wasn't a boy in view;
The baseball lot where they used to meet
Was a sight to make one blue.
The grass was growing on every base,
And the paths that the runners made;
For there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.

The dogs were sleeping the livelong day—
Why should they bark or leap?
There wasn't a whistle or call to play,
And so they could only sleep.
The pony neighed from his lonely stall,
And longed for saddle and reign;
And even the birds on the garden wall
Chirped only a dull refrain.

The cherries rotted and went to waste—
There was no one to climb the trees;
And nobody had a single taste,
Save only the birds and bees.
There wasn't a messenger boy—not one—
To speed as such messengers can;
If people wanted their errands done
They sent for a messenger man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise;
There was less of cheer and mirth;
The sad old town, since it lacked its boys,
Was the dreariest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep,
Then woke with a sudden scream;
"Dear me!" she cried; "I have been asleep,
And O, what a horrid dream!"

—St. Nicholas.

How Jack Signed the Ship's Articles.

BY REV. GEO. E. ATKINSON.

One day last winter, having a few leisure hours, I went down to the water front and wandered in and out among the shipping that lined San Francisco's harbor. Many an hour have I thus spent, getting acquainted with the sailors, studying their lives and listening to their yarns. Here one could see ships and sailors of every description, from the quaint Italian fishing smack, with its lugger "wing and wing" sail, to the stately four-master with its intricate mass of yards and cordage. Here were rough, weather-beaten old tars, their faces tanned by tropical sun and seamed by the biting storm; there, a company of jolly youngsters off on their first cruise. Just step with me, behind the "fo'c's'le," and watch them as they are, supposed to be busily engaged polishing the binnacle, yet slyly shying bits of coal at the gulls overhead.

How I used to delight to seat myself in some cosy corner, the fresh salt breeze wafting to me the fragrance of tar, hemp, or oakum; the wind whistling through the cordage, and all around me a world's busy, bustling activity. In the kinetoscope of my imagination was pictured many a thrilling adventure, some strange and weird experience, or a noble and heroic deed hidden from the world's curious gaze.

I always received a warm welcome from these brave sailor lads, be they plain 'fore-the-mast men or officers on the after deck. This particular afternoon I boarded a fine large four-master, just in from Australia. A pleasant-faced, weather-beaten old tar, seeing me cruising around, kindly offered to be my pilot. We were soon the best of friends and many an interesting yarn he spun for me. Finally we sat down near the "fo'c's'le," he mending the main royal and I seated on a coil of rope, watching and asking questions. He was but a rough old fellow, but it was a treat to get a little glimpse of his inner life. One incident he related especially impressed me. Something I said made him think I was a minister. "Say, matie, be you a sky-pilot?" I said I was. The old man pulled his foretop, and as we shook hands he said: "I signed the Ship's articles some years ago, pilot." "Thank God, Jack, and you are n't sorry yet, are you?" "Sorry! why, pilot, it's the best cruise I ever shipped for." I finally persuaded him to tell me when and where he "signed." I wish I could tell you his story as he told it to me. The breeze was making music in the rigging and playing with the old man's grey locks; the water was gently lapping the sides of the vessel; the old man's pipe was lying on the deck unnoticed, while he himself became so interested that his waving needle was strangely eloquent, and his rough, scarred face was beaming with a great joy.

"About ten year ago I wuz about the roughest old craft as ever you see. One night I got a big cargo o' rum aboard. I couldn't trim my sails aright and finally capsized as I was tryin' to make port. When I woke up I found the old man had shanghied me fer my board bill. There I was, aboard the "——," and bound fer Australia. Fer several weeks we 'd fine weather, then we run into a awful storm; we wuz drove out 'o our course and sprung a leak. We struck the rocks one night, and in the mornin' I found all my mates had took their last cruise. I wuz the only livin' man on the island, but had 'nough t' eat an' drink. I got ter thinkin' one day, why I was saved while all my mates wuz drowned. I didn't believe in no God at first, but soon tho't that if there *wuz* a God he had a hand in a-savin' of me. I tried to think o' them verses my old mother used ter learn me, and all I could do was, 'Fer God so loved.' So I tuck a stick and writ them words in the sand, so 's I wouldn't fergit 'em. I studied 'em over every day, an' after a while some a' the fog and clouds cleared out a' my head an' I tho't a' some more: '*Fer God so loved the world.*' Pilot, I jest fairly jumped! There wuz a God, an' he loved this old world. That tuck me in, an' I wuz one o' his crew. An' then, to think I'd a-mutinied so long! The Cap'n had to put me in irons sometimes, an' I'd most lost my chart, an' had been wrecked 'fore I hit the island. But, sir, He loved me and he had heaved me a life buoy! I jest kept a' thinking o' them words, and after a while the rest on 'em come to me, jest's a streak o' light comes in a dark squall: 'Fer God so loved the world, that he gave his Son ter save it.' An to think, pilot, that the Cap'n loved this here old world so, cast on her beam ends as she wuz, and most a' her masts gone by the board, that he sent out his Son as chief mate to bring her inter port! Hang me if I didn't tell him right there that I'd sign his Ship's articles, and ship under him an' his mate. An' I tell you what, pilot, they 's the best officers I ever shipped under. An' in a storm, when I hear my old sails a-flappin' an' the masts a-creakin,' an' my old timbers groanin,' I jest think o' the great Cap'n an' the Mate, there a-holdin' o' the helm an' a-guidin' us inter the Harbor."

The old man's face glowed with a deep inward peace

and joy as he finished. He bared his head in the setting sun as he thought again of his great "Cap'n's" love. Tears were in my eyes as I said, "Good-bye and God bless you." I have never seen him since, but I know he has a strong sheet anchor out to windward, which will hold firm in every gale, and that at last we will meet in that harbor where are no storms. The old man's language may have been ungrammatical at times, but through it all was the beautiful golden thread of his perfect trust in his "Cap'n an' Mate," and you heard the echo of the words learned in early childhood at his mother's knee. I returned to my work with a new inspiration, and that verse, John iii: 16, has ever since had a peculiar and tender significance.

Etna, Cal.

Deceiving Mother.

"I'm hungry," announced Charlie for the fourth time that afternoon. We children were playing store out behind the house.

"Let's have some more crackers," he continued. "Allie, it's your turn to go in after them."

Father always kept a barrel of crackers in a corner of the pantry to aid in meeting the brisk demands our appetites made upon mother's baking.

"Go in careful, now, so mother won't hear you," admonished Charlie, " 'cause when I went in last time she said it seemed as 'o we'd eat her out o' house and home. She's in the sitting-room sewing, and she won't know anything about it if you don't rattle the door-latch. Hurry up, now, slow-poke!"

Little Allie hesitated, a troubled look creeping over her sweet, serious face. She loved to do things for people and have everybody happy, but still—

"I'd rather ask mother first," she faltered.

"Yes, and have her say, 'No, you've had crackers enough, I s'pose," retorted Charlie, impatiently.

"But," insisted little Allie, faintly, "if mother don't want us to have 'em, 't would be wrong to take 'em."

"Huh!" cried Charlie, contemptuously; "I'll go myself, 'fraid-cat!". And off he ran, his curls shaking and shining in the sunny air.

He lifted the door-latch lightly, and stole into the kitchen. Mother was softly singing to herself at her sewing in the next room. Charlie tiptoed to the open door, and looked in. Pretty, bright, busy little mother! There were the trousers he had torn so dreadfully the other day, when Smith's dog had run at him and he had climbed the fence . How neatly she had mended them, and the stockings, too! And now she was cutting out the girls' new dresses. Mother had lots to do, he reflected, and oughtn't to be plagued. Just then her singing took words. "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," she sang, tenderly. Charlie had often known the comfort of that hymn, with those arms close about him and those lips brushing the curls of his weary little head. He marched boldly into the other room, and stood, smiling but anxious, before his mother.

"We want something t'eat, mother," he ventured. "Can't we have a cracker?"

Mother laughed. "What! Hungry again? Don't seem possible! Well, you may get a couple of crackers apiece; and there's a jar of new cookies on the broad shelf —you may each have one of those. But remember, no more till supper-time."

A moment later Charlie joined us children behind the house. "Two crackers and a cookie apiece!" he proclaimed, jubilantly.

But little Allie drew back in deep distress. "I don't want any," she said, sadly. Her lips quivered, and tears shone in her eyes.

Charlie could not bear that. " Take 'em, goosie," he said, tolerantly. "Mother said we could have 'em. S'pose I'm afraid to ask mother?"

So little Allie took her share with the rest. "Charlie, you nice boy, you!" she exclaimed, contentedly.—The Sunday-school Times.

A Pointer for Boys.

Nearly everybody agrees that drinking, swearing, carousing, stealing, lying, are very great obstacles to success. The boy who does these things simply handicaps himself; that is, he makes it harder for himself to be either good or great. In fact, doing them, he cannot very well be good, and he cannot very well be great. You know what a handicap is in a foot-race. One fellow can run faster than another, and it is wrong to start him abreast of his fellows, and so the starters handicap him; that is, they make him begin the race some distance back of the starting-point. He may reach the goal, even thus handicapped, ahead of the other fellow, but to do so he must exert himself more by so much as he has been burdened in the handicap, and something in addition.

Now, the Sunday-school, with all its "tameness" and its faults of other sorts, is a place where boys are taught and encouraged not to lie, steal, swear, drink, and do those things which handicap a boy in the race.—The American Boy.

My Mother.

BY MILTON L. MURDOCK.

She gave the best years of her life
With joy for me,
And robbed herself, with loving heart,
Unstintingly.

For me with willing hands she toiled
From day to day.
For me she prayed when headstrong youth
Would have its way.

Her gentle arms, my cradle once,
Are weary now
And Time has set the seal of care
Upon her brow.

And, though no other eyes than mine
Their meaning trace,
I read my history in the lines
Of her dear face.

And 'mid his gems, who showers gifts
As shining sands,
I count her day as pearls that fall
From His kind hands.

"Keen and intense life's race,
Sharp and severe its strife;
Lest I grow faint and slack my pace,
O Christ, be Thou my Life!

"Dark and perplexed the way,
Hard and involved the right;
The smoke of passion clouds the day,
O Christ, be Thou my Light!"

The Home.

The Pessimist.

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas, alack!
Nowhere to get but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus thro' life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

—Good Cheer.

Three the Better for It.

Here is a story for young husbands, told by the "Commercial Advertiser." The gentle and sagacious way in which the florist influenced his customer frees him from all charge of impertinence. It was a case of conscious good-will helping a love too self-content.

On his way home the other evening, the young man in question stopped to look in a florist's window, and the florist asked him inside to see some very fine wedding flowers he was sending out. The florist is an elderly man, with kind eyes blinking behind spectacles. "You don't buy flowers any more, do you?" he inquired, as he tied up a bunch of white lilacs and Lawson pinks, and laid it on a fan of feathery green ferns.

"No, I don't," said the businesslike man.

"You were a pretty good customer a year or two ago. Violets every day, and roses twice a week, wasn't it?"

"Er—I was engaged then," and the practical one laughed and flushed.

"You used to take her flowers every time you went to see her, didn't you?" and the old florist's tone was more kindly than inquisitive.

"Yes."

"They're not so very expensive in the spring."

"Oh, she would have liked them as well bought on the streets, as long as they were fresh and fragrant. She didn't care for the swell box. She wasn't that kind at all."

"Too bad, too bad. Young ladies are fickle. I suppose she chose another in your stead."

"Oh, no; I married her a year ago."

The old florist twisted a bit of string round the stem of some pale rosebuds, and then he said, gently, as if treading on thin ice, "You don't love her any more?"

"Indeed, I do. We're very happy. But you know the flower business don't go any more?"

"Did she ever say so?" asked the relentless old man.

"Well—um—er, no, I can't say she did."

"Did you ever ask her about it?"

"No. I'm kept pretty busy, you know, with more practical things, I don't have time to bother about trifles."

The old florist didn't answer. He dived into the ice-box and came out with a handful of mignonette and white tulips. He wrapped them in a cornucopia of white tissue-paper and handed them to his late customer. "This is for old time's sake," he said. "You might take them to your wife and if she doesn't like them, you can bring them back to me."

They never came back. But the young man did.—The Standard.

Our Leisure Hours.

A boy was employed in a lawyer's office, and he had the daily papers with which to amuse himself. He began to study French, and became a fluent reader and writer of the language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing but far more profitable.

A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil, but could not read it, so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day after day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came up behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading.

"Only a bit of Virgil, ma'am."

"What! do you read Latin?" she asked with surprise.

She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a short time David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he used so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history, and having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister Goldsmith's History of Greece. This good man became greatly interested in him and lent him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times.

Boys, it will pay you to use your leisure hours well. —Young Reaper.

Old Sayings in Rhymes.

As poor as a church mouse, as thin as a rail,
As fat as a porpoise, as rough as a gale,
As brave as a lion, as spry as a cat,
As bright as a sixpence, as weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock, as sly as a fox,
As mad as a March hare, as strong as an ox,
As fair as a lily, as empty as air,
As rich as was Croesus, as cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel, as neat as a pin,
As smart as a steel trap, as ugly as sin,
As dead as a door nail, as white as a sheet,
As flat as a pancake, as red as a beet.

As round as an apple, as black as your hat,
As brown as a berry, as blind as a bat,
As mean as a miser, as full as a tick,
As plump as a partridge, as sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny, as dark as a pall,
As hard as a millstone, as bitter as gall,
As fine as a fiddle, as clear as a bell,
As dry as a herring, as deep as a well.

As light as a feather, as hard as a rock,
As stiff as a poker, as calm as a clock,
As green as a gosling, as brisk as a bee,
And now let me stop, lest you weary of me.

THE TYRANT CUPID.

Say what you will, Cupid is somewhat of a tyrant after all. He waves his lash of government over the head of every woman who elects him to rule her life. No woman can choose the happiness and honor of wifehood and motherhood without being subject also to its pains and penalties.

But no woman ought to suffer as most do from those ailments and weaknesses which are due to her peculiarly delicate and susceptible organism. Every woman ought to know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure these unnatural and debilitating troubles. It cures them absolutely, completely, permanently. It contains no alcohol to create a craving for stimulants.

"It is with heart-felt gratitude that I must tell you what your medicine has done for me," writes Mrs. A. F. Crenshaw, of Panasoffkee, Sumter Co., Fla., in a letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y. "After consulting you about my case I took your medicine and it cured me of female weakness. I was all run down; I suffered with sick headache, pains in the back and bearing down pains. I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and was then able to take care of my house. My health is better than it has been for three years. I do not know how to thank you for the kind advice you gave so cheerfully."

This grand "Prescription" has accomplished the same beneficent purpose for thousands of women in every corner of this broad land. It imparts health, strength and endurance to the special organism of womanhood and gives tonic vitality to the entire nervous system. Its marvelous properties are more fully described in one chapter of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser by R. V. Pierce, M. D., a splendid thousand-page illustrated volume which will be sent free paper-bound for 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only; or cloth-bound for 31 stamps.

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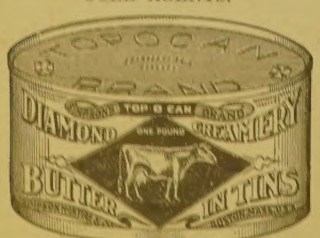

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The Prayer-Meeting

Henry Ward Beecher in his best days spoke of the prayer-meeting as the watch-fire of the army of the Lord. The lifelong influence of communion with God and his people is well illustrated by a fact recently communicated to us. A veteran of the Civil War who was in Detroit, Mich., soon after being mustered out, and served there as recorder of a court-martial which was sitting in that place for two weeks, found a morning prayer-meeting at eight o'clock in an old church. As he passed that meeting on his way from his boarding place to the court room, he attended it. The inspiration that that half-hour gave to the work of the day has remained with him through the many years that have elapsed. More than that, it gave a distinct tendency to his life; for "during a long business career he has made it a rule to attend the midweek prayer-meeting, and has found it a bulwark against the overweight of care. It is a safe and refreshing let-up in the midst of the six working days, and the spiritual energy and growth engendered by due preparation for such a meeting is a recompense out of all proportion to the time and strength involved." In our multitudinous correspondence a better statement of the benefits of the prayer-meeting has seldom been made. The spiritual energy and growth engendered by due preparation is the emphatic statement in this extract. Prayer-meetings are dull to persons who rush from business or from rest to the house of God. Fifteen minutes of secret prayer and meditation; ten minutes; five even, if it be fully concentrated, on the part of those who attend prayer-meeting, would make such a difference that every one would be astonished, and none more than the pastor; the room would soon be filled to its utmost capacity, and almost before the church was aware of it it would be in the midst of a revival.

For Sunday Only.

A lady recently told us of an amusing but instructive incident in her own home. It was the custom in this home to devote Sunday afternoon to reading the Bible to the children, and showing them Bible pictures. The mother did not realize, in carrying out this commendable custom, that she was confining the exercises altogether to that one day, and using the Bible at no other time in their sight. One day one of the children came running in greatly excited, saying, "Oh, mother, Joe's got the Bible, and it isn't Sunday!" It seemed to him a sacrilege to use something so sacredly set apart to the Sabbath on a week day.—Exchange.

The first and essential quality of a herald of the gospel is ever a thoroughly broken and contrite heart. For it is only after having obtained mercy as guilty criminals that we are in a position to "strengthen the brethren."—Krummacher.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Chas. H. Jacob & Co., Funeral Directors and Embalmers, 318 Mason street, San Francisco, Cal., has, by order of Court, had his name changed to Chas. H. J. Truman, by reason of which, the name of his firm becomes, Chas. H. J. Truman & Co. Under this name he continues to do business at the same place. Telephone, MAIN 5213.

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